

JUNGIAN PSYCHOLOGY AND MODERN SPIRITUAL THOUGHT

FROM THE SAME PUBLISHERS

FEED MY SHEEP

By

D. C. DAKING

A primer on human nature and some of its struggles and distresses.

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D. C. DAKING

Author of "Feed My Sheep"

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*I give this book to Thomas Smith, in gratitude, because
he took care of my punctualities.*

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THE BIBLE.

CHAPTER ONE

A FORTUNATE CHANCE

A most fortunate chance has brought into my hands an article by the present Abbot of Pershore. I have to confess to a slight shock at the recognition of this dignitary as an intellectual modern writer for, with the simple ignorance of the laity, I had always up till now looked upon such high personages as picturesquely pre-Shakespearean.

There exists a quarterly review called "*Laudate*," issued by the English Benedictines of Nashdom and priced one shilling ; my article is in this, in Vol. X, No. 39, September 1932.

And, reading very carefully (having mastered the vocabulary of the Abbot) and from the standpoint of a student of Jung I am again and again surprised by the extraordinary similarity of statement shown by these two great thinkers.

And it seemed to me that I might do a friendly thing, I might write for my psychological friends an explanation of this article and I might bring to the notice of spiritually minded people the findings of Doctor Jung.

Before, however, beginning to compare I would point out that our two writers are (1) the Abbot, (2) a Doctor, and that though they so closely touch each other they do not go all the way together : they are both concerned with our souls in but a slightly different manner. The doctor is a healer and confines himself to the troubles of his patients here and now ; the Abbot is a teacher and a spiritual guide and, while very definitely stating the nature of the soul and the right way of development, he is also concerned with a further journey which Doctor Jung fully admits but firmly explains as outside his own particular province. ("*The Secret of the Golden Flower*" p. 135.)

It is as if Doctor Jung gets us all straightened out and put in readiness and then hands us over to the Abbot of Pershore for further help and guidance.

And this is, probably, an exact summing up of "psychology" and "religion" as subjects enormously concerned with each other and yet having a different field of action.

We have always known that the priest and the doctor belong to each other and, indeed, in very early times there were no doctors but the priests, and the priests were the only doctors. Even now the term "a cure of souls" reminds us of this double office.

I might point out that the medical profession is concerned with the cure of bodies and yet while fully admitting the necessity of the fact I must deplore it: for it is deplorably true (and deplorable is the word) that with the ~~division~~ of the healing offices into that of priest for our souls and the doctor for our bodies, our own souls and bodies seem also to have become divided.

And this division of learning amongst our advisers does have grave repercussion upon ourselves, for so many priests have no knowledge whatsoever of the struggles of human nature, and very many doctors can only give a Latin name and a verdict of incurable to what, after all, is nothing but the manifestation of despair or need or spiritual starvation within their patients.

But if it is now possible to trace a closeness between the teachings of such great authorities then we of the laity and the lay public may look up and take heart.

For this synthesis will have a result that the Abbot has already begun to teach and instruct his priests so that we may be able to go to them once more with the certainty that we shall be helped and understood, while at the same time our Doctor will continue to explain to his pupils and students the very deepest needs of our so divided nature. And in this way it will come about that once more the doctors are very nearly priests and the priests become again our doctors: and so (and quite

logically) our own souls and bodies may come together again

For we, of the folk, have never forgotten the fundamental unity: we still say—"Ah, the poor body"—when we sympathetically speak of one in sorrow or despair and we still remark—"Ah, the poor soul—" when we hear of one in grievous illness.

THE ABBOT'S VOCABULARY

THE simplest way in which to understand the Abbot is to take his words and give the special sense in which he uses them and perhaps if we arrive at the special sense we shall grasp his teaching with very little further explanation.

Psychology he calls the "science of the soul" and here at the very beginning we have his attitude for he simply gives a direct translation of the word and leaves it so and doesn't dream of explaining that a word which means the science of the soul really stands for a technique that is based upon physical and mental factors.

He also says that in order to talk sound psychology we must be "figurative and metaphorical" because, although psychology is a science, the material dealt with is outside both space and time and cannot be divided rigidly into "definitions and demarcations."

So, at the very beginning, we have his permission to be a little poetical: and this is exactly right, for from time immemorial all the poets have sung to us about the soul for it is just here that they seem to know a little more than other people.

And the life of the soul—the Abbot says—is the spiritual life.

The soul is not clearly defined: but has anyone ever clearly defined the soul and at the same time managed to let it remain a soul? Any attempt at definition seems (very oddly) to twist this word into meaning something else! And rather than be muddled in this way we would accept the word as it stands and learn something of its nature through the understanding of the laws that govern it.

Now comes a little group of words which seem so much to bear upon each other that a division would tend to

confuse their meaning, so we will keep these close together.

Nature, Supernature ; Natural, Supernatural.

The Natural, therefore, is an expression of nature and the Supernatural is that which belongs to supernature, and the Abbot uses these words in exactly the same way in which he speaks of psychology, i.e., a flat and literal translation of its simple and exact meaning.

Supernature—that which is above nature—and this is more than valuable to us who try to understand these things, for, in some mysterious way the word “supernatural” has become, in popular speech, a designation for that which is *contrary* to nature !

The Abbot, however, gives no hint of this—there’s no word at all to show that he has any truck with spooks or phantasms—he just talks of nature and of what is natural, and of supernature, that which is above it.

So that now we begin to get a picture, we have in our mind the vague formation of an idea. If life can be spoken of in terms of nature and that which is above it, then is life a sort of a ladder going upwards ? and just a continuance as it were from one stage into another with no break and no division but only a difference that should normally come about ?

The Abbot says (in his article) that this is, in fact, precisely the case and he goes on to discuss this upward journey telling us of different stages as he so carefully considers them, but being also extremely careful to remind us that he speaks “metaphorically and figuratively” and that these stages of this upward mounting journey must never be considered in terms of sharply marked division.

Having begun to speak of movement, of ascent, it is best to mention here that *rhythm* has its place, for the Abbot speaks of “the working of the laws of alternation and rhythm,” which he explains as “the law of variation or discontinuity.” He then slips into a very technical paragraph as to the different forms of prayer and this is a piece which I, frankly, don’t quite understand but which

would be, very obviously, of great practical value to the 'directors of souls' to whom he is directly writing.

What emerges is the fact that the upward ascent is not a straight and steady progress but is a process that takes place according to the law of advance and fluctuation: so that here we are able to think in terms of natural science, for all advance in life of any aspect whatsoever takes place in accordance with this fundamental law. The tide advances in its rhythm and the sap rises in the trees in exactly the same way.

A little later on we are told of "a focus of reciprocal relations . . . developed through a tension of whole and parts, of unity in variety, a tension which rises in significance as the transcending principles of unity move upward in the series."

This is the plainest description of an advancing rhythm—it could be possible to have, for rhythm consists of an harmonious combination and flow between opposites of any kind whatsoever—and a mergence of one opposite into the other, while the stress that comes at the change of direction is the impetus which makes the forward movement.

This is the simplest thing in the world to understand once one has travelled in an aeroplane: for one realizes the absolute necessity of the forward journey as a natural corollary to the rhythm of the wings.

For if the machine moved on its way propelled only by the force of the engines its progress might be uncomfortably like a catapult!

One feels the same impulse of stress when in a swinging boat at a country fair (one of us so unbelievably high up in the boat and the other of us so unbelievably low down!) and there is the same little pause when on a see-saw or in a swing. It is because there is no forward movement to a swing-boat or a see-saw or a swing that the most of us are so promptly sick after a very little period of such unproductive energy. We've gone (as it were) contrary to nature: we've thought to enjoy ourselves by means of a

static rhythm and we find after a very short time of such experience that it is wiser to make a quick descent : in fact, we haven't obeyed the fundamental law that rhythm must result in forward movement and so the most natural part of us (our tummy) rises up and reminds us of it.

And now, understanding a little about rhythm, we return to the Abbot of Pershore.

He has told us

- (1) That psychology is the science of the soul.
- (2) That it deals with facts that are outside time and space.
- (3) That clearly defined demarcations are impossible
- (4) That the life of the soul is spiritual
- (5) That there is an upward ascent
- (6) Through the natural to the supernatural.
- (7) That this journey follows out the law of rhythm.

So that it seems as if we have a little advanced, as if we have taken a few steps, accompanying the Abbot for a tiny part of his so difficult discussion.

Certainly we have learned a little and though it has meant the tension of close thinking we do feel prepared to consider and understand the actual journey that he speaks about.

PRAAYER

The Levels of Prayer.

The Abbot says ("*Laudate*," September 1932, p. 148), that there are four levels of prayer and he distinguishes between the prayer of what he calls the "non- and semi-Supernaturalist."

We (who are not priests) immediately exclaim—"What on earth does he mean?"—and then, interested, try to find out and understand: and in our understanding we discover that we have found something, some sequence, that is of universal application, that can be used as a means of thinking on life in general and not just that hidden part of living that the Abbot is discussing.

For prayer is a central thing and it doesn't in the least consist in kneeling down at a certain time of every evening in our nightgowns by our beds; nor is prayer an automatic result of going to church regularly of a Sunday. Prayer can come down quite suddenly upon any one of us, upon us who never dream of setting foot in a church or of kneeling by our beds: prayer is a movement of the soul that is apt to descend upon each of us at any time; in our hour of need, in our times of sudden deep rejoicing, in times of bewildered striving, or when we may be swept by compassion, and though we may not regularly kneel there is this about the prayer that descends upon us so suddenly and with such force: It brings us to our knees.

So, writing as a non-Supernaturalist and to others of the same sort, it is a comfort to recognize that the Abbot includes us in his list.

And he says that for the non- or semi-Supernaturalist "prayer is largely petition for something for themselves."

This pulls one up a little sharply. It cannot be a wrong form of prayer to ask for something for oneself?

because the One who gave us the simplest prayer of all gave us—"give us this day our daily bread—" and—"forgive us our trespasses."

Perhaps the Abbot means that praying only for something for ourselves is a low form of prayer? And this tallies, because in the simplest prayer of all there are very many sentences besides these small petitions: the whole thing, therefore, is probably a matter of a true proportion

Egocentric is the word used to describe the level that prays only for itself. Egocentric is a difficult word (to those who read psychology) for we are so accustomed to that disparaging term "the egocentricity of the child"; but the Abbot seems to recognize this difficulty in his description for he carefully points out that he is speaking of egocentricity "in its purest form which is ethical in intention rather than religious."

Ethic is the Science of Morality: and here we begin to form a picture of a certain level of development. The ethical, the egocentric, is the wish towards the good, towards morality, and the prayer for a right possessing.

This is not to be despised as a beginning: and, for those who are students of psychology, we have only to read Professor Freud or our own Professor McDougall to realize that the standard set by these great thinkers is by no means low.

PROFESSOR FREUD. That we develop sufficiently and pass into adulthood attaining to a conscious acceptance of the existing civilization: and in so doing become free of the domination of any personal instinctual wish.

PROFESSOR McDOUGALL. . . . "I developed in my '*Social Psychology*' the theory of the sentiments and of their integration into a system which is *character*. Such an integrated system, I argued, is achieved by an hierarchical organization of the sentiments under the

dominance of some one master-sentiment, the dominant rôle being filled most commonly and most effectively by the sentiment of self-regard and self-esteem." (*"Character and Personality,"* September 1932, p. 8)

Now is mentioned a second stage of praying :

The anthropocentric or philanthropic, "which in its purest form is altruistic in intention."

We pass on, therefore, from the need of the individual, the wants of the self, into a consideration towards natures other than our own ; we are turned towards men (anthropocentric), we mildly love our fellow creatures (philanthropic), and instead of praying merely for our own needs we would include mankind : we are altruistic, therefore.

It is queer that (as one writes) this does not seem to be of very high value, this thinking towards other people, this wish for their good, benevolence. For somehow, as we consider, there does seem to be conveyed a small hint of patronage ? All very puzzling : but once at a conference in Manchester the late Clutton Brock in a brilliant opening speech said that he would like to see "the blood of the philanthropist run in the gutters" : and Clutton Brock was a real philosopher.

Nonetheless it does stand out quite clearly that philanthropy is of higher value than egocentricity, and it would be well for the many folks who scoff at charitable works to remember this fact. It is so easy to analyse a thing into its level and actuality and finding this level a little lower than had been at first imagined, disdainfully to withdraw from real appreciation and understanding . . . "as we forgive them that trespass against us" is distinctly altruistic. There may be, in all truth, a hint of patronage, of superiority, in this forgiveness ; and yet it might be well to BE a little superior sometimes and do a bit of forgiving rather than never to forgive at all ?

All these are difficult points, but superiority is a difficult subject ; it runs through everything : it can be ferreted

out (by a psychologist) in places where one would the least expect it.

All that may just here be mentioned is the passing thought:—That a superiority that forgives, and humbly prays to be able to do so, is a better superiority than that which stands outside and never considers such a possibility; and that “altruism” is never to be despised. At least, in other people

Because superiority has been so much discussed in modern psychology it takes a little searching to find anything really pertinent as to altruism: but Professor McDougall mentions this question in specially fine terms:

“**The Parental or Protective Instinct.** . . . Nature’s brightest and most beautiful invention . . . It is no exaggeration to say that this one instinct is the mother both of Intellect and Morality . . . its impulse is the only altruistic element in Nature; and, though many philosophers have ignored the fact, the moral tradition, by which all moral character is shaped, could never have been built up without this altruistic factor.”

. . . “The arboreal life demands of the mother-ape continuous contact with her young and more unremitting care and toil than any other animal displays. This rather than any other structural peculiarity, such as the prehensile tail or paw, was the prime condition of the evolution of man.

“The insect is launched with all its organs complete. It has an independent life, and has all instincts of self-preservation quite complete, and these come at once into play. It has no youth.

“Parental care frees the young creature for a period of youth and play and by this freedom from self-maintenance, it can afford to play and experiment, and in so doing build up a body rich in experience.

“The longer the period of youth, the higher is the development of the Intelligence and the more obscured by the Intelligence is the operation of Instinct.

" But man, though he is Nature's most favoured child, was not constructed by her upon any new principle . . . in making Man she did but compound these same elements more subtly and with greater skill and success ; and especially she pushed her greatest instinct, the parental instinct, for all it was worth." (" *An Outline of Psychology.*")

So that though we must give this altruism a middle place when discussing the developments of the soul towards God, towards the " Supernatural," we remember that this is the highest expression of Nature, and that in animal nature this altruism is the all-important factor in the development towards Man.

With man (in all his subtle combination) this high factor shines out more brightly still, for it is not confined only to the parental instinct but can take expression in many varying ways.

And the Abbot points out (on p. 136) that " nature comes before grace."

But still—there are the psychologists—those of them who suspect a repressed superiority in every form of altruism, and here we may find help from Doctor Creighton Miller : he speaks of the mixed motive often to be found behind altruistic action and tells a story (in "*The New Psychology and the Teacher*") of a young man who departed to do settlement work in the East End on purpose to enrage a rich and disliked father : when the father died the young man so much liked his altruistic occupations that he remained in the East End and carried on his really sound work.

The more we discuss altruism and purity of motive, the more divorced do we become from definite conclusion (vide "*Major Barbara*") and the simplest way of walking out of these muddles and these difficulties is to turn back, simply, to our great given prayer and humbly to say when such occasions arise—" forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Ego-theocentric : the third stage mentioned, " which is chiefly intellectual in intention."

P. 148.—" . . the non- and semi-Supernaturalist works mainly by desire and motive. . . . Motive being a represented good viewed as an attraction; desire, which is generally not so calm as intention, being the craving for an end as good, but not always with the effort or intention towards its realization "

. . " a segmented self . . being segmented, will approach God, now with the intellect, now with the emotions "

P. 145.—" The non-Supernaturalist and the semi-Supernaturalist are, live, and act from mixed motives, partly God-centred, partly self-centred (to please, etc., themselves), partly world centred and human centred (to satisfy their friends, class, etc) "

P. 142— . " the non- and semi-Supernaturalist tend to confuse the ' intellectual ' with the ' intelligent,' which is a varying and only phenomenal part of intellect "

Now to sum up these three stages of development

The ego-centric : self as the centre of living, a right ethic, a wise possessing, and an honest self-esteem.

The anthropocentric . mankind as the chief value, liking of fellow men, wish to do good, benevolence and forgiveness.

The ego-theocentric . a growing idea that there is some other centre to be realized and apprehended ; that the self is all-important but that God, also, is a fact to which we turn, a fact to be intellectually grasped : and that in our highest form of living we live up—not only to our own best self, in harmony with our fellow men and in conformation with the demands of the world around us (and the standards of this world)—but also to the thought, the idea, of that higher standard which we know as God. That we accept God as Truth and live (so far as is possible) accordingly.

This may demand a fine balance of life, to live according to ourselves, in the world, of it, and at the same time to be in touch with a higher value? In truth, a little precarious, a little dangerous and uncertain should any definite test come down upon us.

Perhaps it is the ego-theocentric who earnestly prays to its full significance—"and lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil. . . ."

Now comes the fourth level of prayer and living to be explained, and here I must entirely retire for I am not competent: I am not able to put into words these spiritual truths nor to comment upon these things should I quote from those who know: I only accept and believe. So that here we will leave aside all discussion and description and quietly go through our whole long article to find any sentences which may explain this further level.

"Supernatural," rightly understood, has a religious, and not a scientific reference. The Supernaturalist will emphasize the organic nature of the soul, which is unified through its transcending principle of unity with Christ . . . here and hereafter, and the world of Nature.

The non- and semi-Supernaturalist are apt to criticize Revelation from the narrow field of the intelligence only, which is merely a quotient of the total self: the Supernaturalist may—must—exercise his critical faculties, but he does so within this larger "sway of reason" and intellect. The very idea of "culture" is not only repugnant to true devotion and Supernaturalism but it cuts their vital nerve. There is—there can be—only *one* "culture," one "cultivation" in devotion—God. For only as the self, the soul, reaches out to pure existence below all the differentiated "given" of Being (which it discovers within itself), can it really find its true self, and use its vision.

And just because the Supernatural is, in part, a gradation of the natural, will the Supernaturalist strive to keep

before him the harmony of Nature—the fact that the Universe is one ; one not merely in the dual existence co-ordinated under one Creative Will, but one in essence and in order

‘ It is a matter of gradations, each developing normally from the other. For the Supernatural is not the contradiction of Nature, but its restoration and its crown. And when Saint Athanasius wished to describe the life of some of the great teachers of the Supernatural life, from whom, indeed, the whole schematism of the devotional life and the supernatural life, East and West, derives its substance—I mean the Fathers of the Egyptian desert—he describes their life as the true “ life according to Nature.” He meant that it is a process of gradation and simplification by which the soul may, as it were, recover the actual rectitude and harmony of Nature in which man left the hands of the Creator.

‘ We cannot be too careful about these gradations, or suspend our judgment too often about these interventions. ‘ a director of souls will pay, always, great attention to the normal and proportionate development of that gradation on its natural and physical side as well as other sides, the moral, the emotive, the desiderative, the affective, the representative (use of the imagination), etc. We can feel—and feeling is precarious evidence only when it is non-united in the complex of personality—the difference between the good man, the godly man, the righteous man, the just man, the high-souled man, the holy man, and the Saint.

‘ The Supernaturalist is theocentric, that is, God is his centre, and he seeks to *be*, to live, and to do only from God, and for God.

The Supernaturalist seeks to *give* and not to get from God.

He works from God to himself, not from himself to God.

He does not use God, but is content to let God use him.

'The Supernaturalist thinks more of principles and universals than of particulars, of *sinfulness*, e.g., rather than of sins. He moves in the ultimates of Love and the outrages on Love.

'Clearly, Love, the dominant factor in Supernaturalism, is the fusion of the whole personality, but Love works not only by conscious willing and thinking, like an actor copying a part, but by shades and *nuances* of Being—a look, an unconscious projection of the self, assimilating rather than labouring to produce and achieve; and learning and accomplishing most, perhaps, in intense moments of attention, when there is silence just because there is tension

“ Words are but under-agents in their souls ;
When they are grasping with their greatest strength.
They do not breathe among them ”

'These assimilative, nuancing, unconscious, non-conative elements of Love, the core of personality, appear also to the conscious will and the consciously ratiocinative intellect, if only for the reason that while conscious will and intellect might produce a moral code and a “ religion ” of service, the conscious will and intellect have never yet alone by their own efforts contributed a Being, and Christianity is not a codification of maxims, but a Revelation, and devotion to a Being, a Person, Christ.

'We recognize, in fact, that Christianity is not a religion of *Duty* a personal self-realization, but of Love, and Love can never be coerced by the theories of Obligation . . . nor can we argue the nature of reality from the existence in man's consciousness of the “ Ought ” . . . morality can only be fulfilled when it is forgotten. It can only be forgotten and fulfilled when it is absorbed in spiritual religion.

'The “ Supernatural,” then, is a way of *Being*, not of acting, or thinking, or feeling. First we must “ *be* ”—be God's—then we can “ do,” do as God wills, and

not according to our own improvements upon a given reality.” ’

There is so much in all this, so much to be discussed, considered, understood, that I seem to see a group of friends quietly and with heads together seeing into these deep significances: perhaps these friends are in some wide room smoking by a lazy fire—or perhaps (and best of all) they are walking together through the countryside on some growing April day.

The Natural Life.

One of us said, “ I’d like to know a little about those Egyptian Fathers, those who lived a life according to Nature—” and another (puzzled) “ I don’t see how they could live according to Nature in the *desert* ? ” and someone, pondering, “ Perhaps they made it blossom like the rose ? ”

“ They went back,” the first one continued, “ to the rectitude and harmony of Nature in which man left the hands of the Creator ” : and the one who pondered on the rose produced an explanation—“ They tried to live, in fact, according to God’s Idea.”

Hereupon another of us (happening to have a Bible) read to us a little piece :—

. . . The Lord God made the earth and the heavens.

*And every plant of the field before it was in the earth
and every herb of the field before it grew for the Lord
God had not caused it to rain upon the earth, and there
was not a man to till the ground.*

*And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the
ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life
and man became a living soul.*

*And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden
And there he put the man whom he had formed.*

*And the Lord God took the man and put him in the
garden of Eden to dress it and keep it*

And the Lord God said "It is not good that man should be alone: I will make him an help meet for him."

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam and he slept: and he took one of his ribs and closed up the flesh instead thereof:

And the rib which the Lord God had taken from man made he a woman and brought her unto the man:

And Adam said—"This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh she shall be called Woman because she was taken out of man."

Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh.

And they were both naked the man and his wife and were not ashamed.

Here it is quite plainly put down—**God's Idea**. His gift he made to Adam, which means Man.

And yet there were those Egyptian Fathers who were known to Saint Athanasius and it was because of their life and example that Saint Athanasius brought to Europe (in 320 A D.) the idea of the monastic life. For the monastic life was necessary: men, and women too, had abused this gift of God, had used it wrongly, lived it in terms of the carnal (and, more modernly, of *sex*) and this gift had become, therefore, a sin, and life had degenerated into the impossible.

I've carefully read the monastic life, the way those first abbots worked out their so right rules of simple living.

Food, hours of rest and times of working: clothes, baths, rules in time of sickness, life in time of health. Prayer, devotion, praise, study; handicrafts and every sort of daily toil. Punishment for the naughty ones, peace for those who were aged: all this carefully thought out to the minutest detail by these great pioneers of decency and order, Cassian, Augustine, Caesarius (of Arles), and the great Benedict.

It is when you carefully read these rules that you realize the condition of the world these great men had to leave and you recognize that these rules were necessary as the brilliant working out of a *new order*.

And I've carefully read, also, a little about the pagan life (in my big book by Professor Licht) : and the order of society had become so corrupt, so sex ridden that there was only one answer for any decently minded person, viz., to get out of it and go behind high walls.

Mankind had abused the gift of God and the world had become a Sink. And so these great abbots set to work and produced their solution—which was to turn their backs, entirely, not only upon the abuse of the gift, but on the gift itself.

I think and I think on those early Jewish myths, in Genesis, and I believe them absolutely, as profound teaching of profound truths. That tree of knowledge—it says it was the tree of knowledge of good and evil—And it seems to me that she plucked the evil fruit, i.e., the knowledge that God's gift could be used for pleasure and self-indulgence and possession, and it seems to me (also) that there is also good fruit to be plucked and given and shared between men and women and that it is about time that we did it.

My big book by Hans Licht tells about the pagan world. They had no knowledge of women as dear companions. They only had wives to run their houses and to bear their children and they were so sex-ridden, so carnal, that wives weren't nearly enough and they had prostitutes, both men and women, and it was an open public part of their lives.

They had no real responsibility towards their children ; they had illegitimate children in all directions and it seemed quite ordinary to them.

Homosexuality and heterosexuality were on an equality, absolutely, they flourished side by side. Women prostitutes publicly advertised themselves, little lad prostitutes would follow men (in the street) with their

hands held out for money. Some people preferred the opposite gender, some their own, and many were indiscriminate. Procuring was a well paid business and men were procured for women as well as women for men, and homosexual affairs were also undertaken and provided for. Wives who were caught out as unfaithful were severely punished, because a woman's body was the property of her husband, but this seems to have been the only offence

Plato, and a few others, tried to lift things a little towards an ideal, but these were only the high shining intellects and far in advance of their time, they had no influence on the social "order" of their own day. And even Plato only tried to point an ideal out of existing conditions—it never entered his head that with education and training and personal freedom from the abuse that men had put upon them, women might gradually become *individuals* and so be able well and delightfully to carry out their share of living : or that men, being trusted and free and no longer chased as an object of conquest or collared in order to provide a home, might find a real happiness in natural life as God had imagined it. Plato visioned that woman might be on an equality with man—that she might be his equal in every respect (excepting for a smaller measure of physical strength only necessary for times of fighting), that she could work and make and govern as absolutely co-equal : but he never imagined that she might be *different*, might develop into something of a complementary nature and so be an help meet to him, giving him a tiny little bit of extra to what he so magnificently already has : and this in all her functions of body, mind and soul.

And so the monastic life became necessary, simply because decently minded persons had to leave the Sink. At least they would refuse the evil that had happened : they had abused God's Gift and now they would turn their back upon it, for at least they would be decent . . . and, being decent, they might find God Himself.

The Guarded Light.

"So that they didn't, those early Egyptian Fathers, live a life according to Nature (as God had imagined it) but only a more natural life than the world had so disastrously tumbled into?"

"I wonder what Nature *is*," said a scientific inquirer, to be answered swiftly by one not quite so scientific—"Mother Nature is the handmaid of God. . . ."

"Doesn't tell us very much:" said the scientific inquirer. It became necessary to elaborate a little.

Mother Nature mustn't, of course, be confused with **Life**—she is the servant of Life but in no sense is she Life itself. She has one great task, viz., To grow things well and properly. And, for living things, she has three laws by which she governs us and sees to our continuance:—(1) The preservation of the individual; (2) The propagation of the species; (3) The safety of the race.

She has planted these laws within each one of us and she has a little turned away and has left to us the choice of obedience or of disobedience.

For Mother Nature is indifferent: she does not care we may please ourselves. She is so indifferent that if we do not know the working of her laws and out of ignorance we disobey, she will not bail us out, she is indifferent. And if we understand these laws and so obey them she is still indifferent—yet all that she has is ours. For she is not unkind, but she is busy, she has had to plant her laws within us, she has had to leave us to see after ourselves.

It is Professor McDougall who has made a very great deal most magnificently plain to us and he writes that these laws move in us by means of our **Instincts**. An instinct (he says) is not quite a blind and automatic thing: it has to be awakened and it has to have a push behind it to make it come into play; a wish behind it, an emotion.

And sometimes this emotion may be very strong and then the aroused instinct, whichever it may be, may

become a bit of a nuisance to us. But, he says, "A little dose of intelligence may modify the power of emotion or of instinct." And this sounds very comforting for it seems to give us a chance: it seems to mean that there are things to be thought about and understood and that in our understanding we may discover that we can guide our fate. For man is an upright being.

And here is the list of instincts as worked out by Professor McDougall.

The Parental, or Protective Instinct.

The Instinct of Combat.

The Instinct of Curiosity.

The Food seeking Instinct.

The Instinct of Repulsion.

The Instinct of Escape.

The Gregarious Instinct, and primitive Passive Sympathy.

The Instincts of Self-assertion and Submission.

The Mating Instinct.

The Acquisitive Instinct.

The Constructive Instinct.

The Instinct of Appeal.

And then he adds what he calls "some minor instincts," but this big simple list is quite enough to begin with.

Now if we quietly read this list and read it, perhaps, three times, we shall find that these Instincts are not, after all, so very frightening: there is a balance about them and a great wisdom: they stand for completeness and fulfilment of every kind: they mean safety, and the growth and the fullness of life.

And we see that if any one of these has to be discouraged because of circumstance or sorrow, we see that there are plenty more of them, that the blank is just one amongst very many and that it can be filled in some other way.

And then we see that we may forgive Mother Nature for being so indifferent: she has guarded us most thoroughly.

"So that those Egyptian Fathers" (said our tenacious one), "were much nearer to Nature than one might at first have thought?"

They turned their backs upon those instincts which seemed to them to be destructive and they had, therefore, an added energy for those they chose to carry out. It would be only two of the list they decided to be injurious (1) The Instinct of Combat (for they would be men of peace), (2) The Mating Instinct. And yet it wasn't so much the mating instinct that they discarded, but rather the abuse of this great force, the degradation of this force into all kinds of things the detail of which need not again be mentioned in this book.

They carried out the parental instinct (for they called themselves "Fathers") and they would help and heal the poor who came their way and the sick amongst themselves.

They were curious, but on a higher level than what we know as merely curiosity; they were scholars and they used this instinct in order to learn and to find out the higher values of life and spirituality. And they grew their food, they used this function to the utmost; and they turned away (repulsed) from Ugliness, and they escaped.

They were gregarious, for they lived their own communal life, quite different from the solitary hermit: they acquired all manner of things; not material possessions but riches of another nature altogether: and they built not only their own dwelling places but their own character also and their spiritual life. Is there a better way to use "construction"?

And, for the Instinct of Appeal—I think that, always, they prayed to God.

And so Athanasius, that great spiritual leader, saw a significance and brought this rule to Europe; and in so

doing he saved the best culture of his day and (behind high walls) the light of spiritual intuition.

I quote from Edwyn Bevan (" *Christianity*," p. 133) :

" From the fourth century till to-day monastic societies have been characteristic of Catholic Christianity. They have often in practice fallen short of their ideal. Those who collect things to the discredit of Medieval Catholicism can find plenty of material in the documents presenting monks and nuns in an odious and ridiculous light. Over and over again men of ardent spirit in the Church carried out a reformation of the monasteries and convents—a reformation which had obviously become a crying need. Yet the ideal was never wholly forgotten, and although some monks and nuns fell far short of it, there were others who exhibited a spiritual life of wonderful quality. Besides the cultivation of such inner life, besides the specially religious effects which the monastic system was intended in the first instance to produce, a valuable contribution was made by the monks, in the West at any rate, through those centuries of disturbance and barbarism, to the temporal welfare of men. It was mainly through the monasteries that the Church carried out its extensive work of poor relief. The monks' agricultural labours ' resulted in the clearing of a large part of the waste land of Europe.' The schools in which all the learning that had survived from the wreck of the ancient civilization was passed on to future generations were mostly monastic. It was in the monasteries that books were preserved and copied. The missionaries who carried Christianity to the heathen barbarians of Northern or Central Europe were mostly monks. A Protestant historian writes :

" ' Though it is only within a small circle shut off from the rest of the world, yet here the ideas of work found in the New Testament may be seen realized. Work is performed because God has commanded it ;

each man does his allotted task perseveringly ; work and prayer are combined ; work alternates with rest, and the object of the work is not merely self-regarding ; the worker seeks not to get something for himself, but to serve others.' (Von Schubert.)"

But still there remains the cleavage, the division that came about as the direct result of this splitting of life into two separate parts, the spiritual and the temporal, the soul and the body, the ascetical and the carnal.

It was inevitable, but even to-day we suffer from the direct results of it.

There is just one time when we are spoken to, by our Church, directly as *woman*—when we receive counsel and exhortation definitely written to us ourselves, when we as *women*, come into direct contact with our spiritual advisers.

We go in all our health and decency, in full companionship and with all love in our hearts, understanding to the level of our present knowledge the value of what we are about to undertake, and up till very recently we have had to listen to the words that had been so carefully prepared for our own special hearing :

" Ye wives, hear and learn your duties towards your husbands, even as it is plainly set forth in Holy Scripture. Saint Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians teacheth you thus ; Wives submit yourselves to your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the saviour of the body. Therefore as the Church is subject unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands in everything. And again he saith, Let the wife see that she reverence her husband.

And in his Epistle to the Colossians, Saint Paul giveth you this short lesson : Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands as it is fit in the Lord.

Saint Peter also doth instruct you very well, thus

saying : Ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands ; that, if any obey not the Word they also may without the word be won by the conversation of the wives ; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear. Whose adorning, let it not be that of outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel ; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible ; even the ornament of a meek and gentle spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price. For after this manner in the old time did the holy women also, who trusted in God, adorn themselves, being in subjection to their own husbands ; even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord ; whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

It is comforting to note the touch of encouragement in the last sentence : for to us of to-day this is an Amazing presentment of Nature, it is enough to strike Fear into the heart of any thinker. One turns (with relief) to the almost blinding simplicity of that age-old intuition—*"And the Lord God said, It is not good that man should be alone · I will make him an help meet for him . . ."* and to the magnificent purity and dignity of the later statement—*"And they were both naked, the man and his wife, and were not ashamed. . . ."*

And I think of a Poet, a tender witty Englishman, a Londoner who loved human nature ; he who understood his women, as well as his men, in all their shamelessness as well as their nobility.

" Marriage is a ful gret sacrement ;
 He which that hath no wyf, I hold him shent ;
 He liveth helpless and al desolat,
 I speke of folk in secular estaat.
 And herke why, I sey nat this for noght,
 That womman is for mannes help y-wroght.
 The hye God, whan he hadde Adam maked,

And saugh him al allone, bely-naked,
 God of his grete goodnesse seyde than,
 Let us now make an help un-to this man
 Lyke to him-self ; and than he made him Eve."

: : : : :

"O flesh they been, and o flesh, as I gesse,
 Hath but on herte, in well and in distresse."

So that we "in secular estaat" have had our own light held and guarded: we have had, for six hundred years, our long line of poets, these who have always held for us a pure light, who have sung to us of the sweetness and loveliness of life and who have helped us safely to find our way in this labyrinth of the world.

And now, at last, we have a great savant, a great spiritual leader of our own English Church who makes for us and for his priests, a synthesis: who sees no opposed forces in the facts of "nature" and of "supernature" but rather one steady right gradation that **MUST** be recognized and helped to fall into its correct proportion in the life of every individual. who remarks (accepting the criticisms of Professor Freud) "Mysticism has rushed upon us before we were prepared for it, and, it is to be feared, there is something wrong with the moral factor in the devotional lives of many . . . and the gradation and the *attrait* are wrong or diseased . . . and sadists, masochists, and narcissists fancy that they are 'supernaturalized' and stream up the hill of Calvary . . ."; who says: "We cannot be too careful about these gradations," "a director of souls will always pay great attention to the normal and proportionate development . . . on its natural and physical side"—and who knows that given right development according to the full laws of Nature man and woman could do no otherwise than gradually and safely reach that level that we dream of but have so very nearly forgotten.

The Principles of Unity.

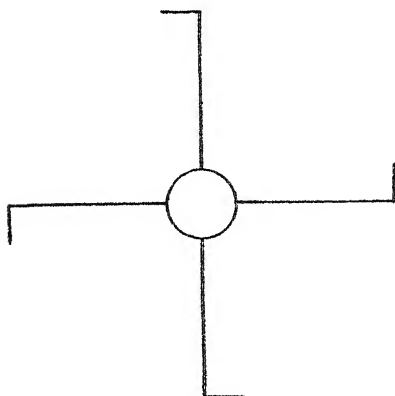
"Yes," said one of us, "but I want to discuss still further. There is much more to be understood: we've become focused, entirely, upon those Egyptian Fathers."

"Those gradations, and there is also another thought—the principles of unity——"

"It seems easy enough to follow," said another, "as you are reading it, and yet afterwards when you come to consider you find that there are distinctions which are extremely difficult to grasp."

"I think I can help," said an Architect, a city planner, and (sitting on a bank) produced a pencil. So we, contributing backs of envelopes, gathered round.

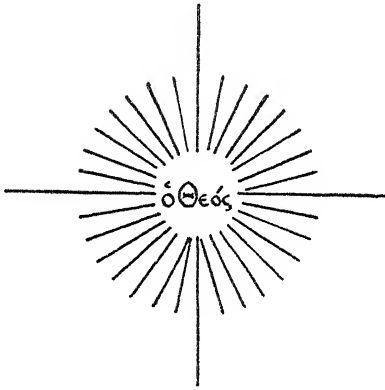
First, to show progression, you'd have a circle, and also, to show progression, you'd have the various compartments—"We must always," broke in one, "be very careful over definitions and demarcations——"
"Oh quite"; said the Architect disgustedly. "A circle, of course, would have a centre——"



"What do those little turned over lines stand for?"

"They show the outside of the circle and the direction of the movement."

"What, then, would you put in the centre?"

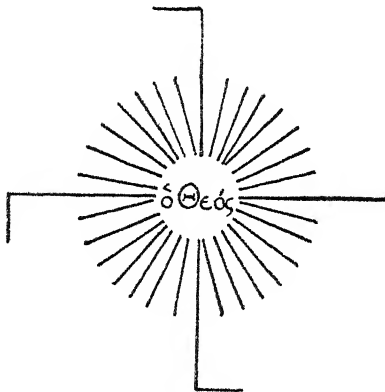


—"I'd put God—" said the Architect.

"But why in that quaint script?"

"To show the Mystery."

"I understand": said a quiet one we hadn't very much noticed; and left us, to walk alone along the roadside, pondering.



God, the Centre: absolute Being: radiating movement in an eternal pattern of rhythm, shining forth Grace, permeating all things, everywhere.

"Permeating us?"

"According to our level, to our 'gradation', I think."

"How would it go then, in relation to

this graph?"

The Architect, sitting on the green bank in the sunshine, knit his brows, scribbled a little upon the backs of our envelopes.

"There is that little list of different sorts of persons." The good man, the godly man, the righteous man, the just man, the high-souled man, the holy man, and the

Saint : and one could imagine these grouped around the centre, in their degrees of spirituality, or one could see this path gradually taken by many an individual in the course of a long lifetime. And that would be the right way, the natural way : not that any one of us should stay just in one expression of character and development, but that as life and the experiences of life become assimilated this upward journey should gradually be made.

"Those lines, then, are a sort of division ? we don't really get away from the hint of compartments ?" And there is, seemingly, an invisible division between these stages. Not very definitely marked in some lives perhaps, but in other lives so marked, so strong, that there seems no possibility of advance until there comes some crisis, some shock of sorrow or of disillusionment, some desperate awakening, some uprush of deep feeling (that makes one pray) and then, in despair and in darkness the barrier is passed through and overcome.

"Deep experiences, then, is what you'd call those lines ? deep experiences that strip one, absolutely, and bring one to nakedness as if into some further birth ?"

"I think so——" said the Architect.

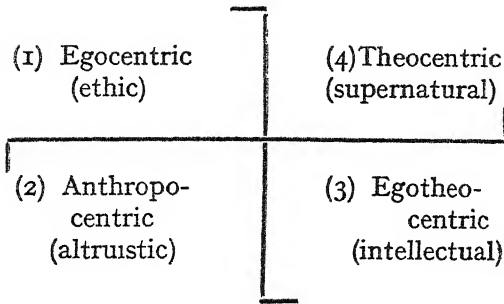
"And yet never entirely naked, but only stripped of yet further falsities so that these rays, that Grace, may be more free to reach us ?"

"So it would seem to be——" said the Architect.

And it is how we pray that makes the difference, that changes us, bringing us into closer touch with this deep centre, making it possible for us to move towards a greater unity.

So, with heads together, we went over those earlier levels and put them in relation with each other.

- (1) The egocentric : with esteem and self confidence ;
the good man praying for his daily bread.
- (2) The altruistic : with interest in his fellow men and



a wish to be of value in the world ; praying for forgiveness and the strength to forgive.

- (3) The ego-theocentric : seeing the value of himself and of the world, adjusting to these values, but seeing also the fact of God and wishful to make an adjustment to this value also ; and praying to be kept safe, to be delivered from evil. For there is danger here : this man, in his pride of mind, so precariously balanced between the fact of self and the Fact of God, may fall into grave danger for he may feel the force of mind, of intelligence, as the highest that could possibly be. Therefore he will produce 'systems,' he will explain the universe in terms of design, of pattern, of order, of mind, of organism ; he may even produce some fancy religion based upon these concepts. Or, glimpsing the infinite and that which we believe but could never completely bring down into finite terms, he may write books to explain that the deepest mysteries of all existence can be satisfactorily understood in terms of organic laws.

There is need of safety, there is need of prayer, for this domination of intellect brings one to the pitfall of one's own cleverness and to the temptation of leadership.

- (4) The theocentric, the Supernaturalist, seeing God as the centre and in forgetfulness of self turning always to this great truth, knowing therefore the

underlying harmony of "heaven" and of earth ;
praying—

" Our Father which art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done
In earth, as it is in heaven.

.
.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
For ever and ever."

" Why," said one of us—" that's a longer prayer about God than it is about our wants and wishes ! I'd never noticed that : I'd always thought it was a prayer for our needs and for our help and I now see that it is a prayer to God ! I must have been an egocentric: I've never thought about the beginning and the ending of this prayer until this very instant."

So we laughed a little, the group of us, and one or two of us wondered if we had seen what up till now had been a barrier quietly and unconsciously passed through.

" If," said the Architect, " we could try each one of us to build our lives, like storeys, gradually reaching to a perception of the Highest, we could do wonders. Not building like that silly Tower of Babel (in the days of unperception) to take the kingdom of man to the heavens, but rather to bring to earth the kingdom of God. In earth as it is in——" " Heavens! here comes my road coach," suddenly said a listener and so we scattered : and some of us entirely forgot our discussions and some of us tried to remember, but there were a few, I think, who discovered (about six months afterwards) that we had become a little altered.

CHAPTER TWO

A MUSING

It is the most bewildering thing in the whole wide world to write a book. You begin so simply : in a state of childlike innocence. And then you have to find out that it is a very different thing indeed.

Take this book for instance. I had a small simple thought. Reading that article by the Abbot of Pershore, knowing something of Doctor Jung, I thought that I would explain to the people who don't go to church that article by the Abbot of Pershore and I would explain to the people who do go to church the subjective psychology of Doctor Jung.

The Abbot of Pershore speaks of a gradation of four stages—so does Doctor Jung. The Abbot writes of rhythm, of tension, of opposites ; so does the Doctor. The Abbot says that in spite of an apparent dualism there is a unity in nature, that the universe is one "in essence and in order." Doctor Jung says that.

Well then (I thought), if I write it all down quite simply and easily and explain it and contrast it and compare it, perhaps a few folks who don't go to church might begin to catch a very small glimpse of God and perhaps a few other folks who do go to church might begin to understand a tiny little bit about human nature. And I didn't, even, set out to do very much. All I thought about was a few folks : not, of course, everybody.

And what has happened ? nothing in the slightest degree according to my imagination. It is not a small easy matter at all for it does not intend to confine itself to the Abbot of Pershore and to Doctor Jung. It intends to drag in at any rate another sequence and another great authority : it intends to say all manner of things that I have never up till now thought about.

What, then, is happening ? Am I writing this book or is this book writing me ? Impossible to tell. But I have upon me a suspicion that the latter is more strictly the truth : or perhaps one ought to say nearer to reality ? Because truth seems to be a split up thing according to the way in which you see it, there feels to be two kinds of truth, i.e., the truth of Reality and the truth of Actuality.

And this brings me back to who is writing this book. In Reality (I think) this book is writing me : in Actuality—I am writing this book. That is how it is. A queer separateness of two distinct things, a kind of *opposites*. And yet at the same time, a unity. I and this book are one. But when we have written ourselves this book and I will be two quite distinct and separate things.

So, it is how you look at it. And what must always be remembered is, that it is impossible really to decide : or, if you are quite decided, you have definitely labelled yourself as a Type ! ! !

If you decide with knowledge and finality that your book is writing you, if you know it for certainty (and many people would), you are what is called an Extravert . if, on the other hand, you are quite clearly sure that you yourself and nothing else whatever is writing your book and that it is being done absolutely as you yourself intended—then you are most certainly an Introvert. But if you are not quite certain of either but can recognize that both sides are probably true and that Something is becoming and is turning into being and is coming out in action and is GETTING DONE and will finally split off from yourself and go off entirely on its own account and sit in book shop windows and even be bought and read by folks you have never heard of and never will know, but, in knowing this book these folk will turn round and know yourself (or rather, the you it was at the time the book was writing you and you the book) then, I begin to imagine, you don't belong, exactly, to any particular type at all.

You have come, in short, within sniffing distance of

what Doctor Jung calls **Integration**: and you have dimly caught a sight of what the Abbot means when he speaks of "essence" and of "order."

BOTTOM THE WEAVER.

You may be walking down Southampton Row, quietly pondering, and the noise of the traffic like the distance of a breaking sea, and you may find yourself in Reality, that great river so softly moving forward, that eternity. You find yourself quietly experiencing that river: and the little things like time and birth and death are in that river like little bobbing corks. And when you return to Southampton Row (but considerably nearer Holborn) you will find, for a few moments, that Actuality is a very shadowy condition. The pavement is a grey unsubstantiality, for your feet have felt a deeper security—and the buildings are nothing more than emanations and the sunshine is a pale sunshine for you who have known a more golden light.

Bottom the Weaver said to his comrades when he came back from Fairyland—"I was translated."—And you yourself in Southampton Row have for an instant been translated into the deeper speech.

And now you have returned to where at present you belong; to your daily work and your right companions and your more natural language, the speech of actuality.

And you know that there is no division, for the actuality of Southampton Row is a shadow in the reality of Eternity and the reality of Eternity exists, invisibly, in Southampton Row.

THE HIGH SEAS

“ If the ship is twice as old as the boiler was when the ship was as old as the boiler is now and when the boiler is as old as the ship is now their combined ages will be 63 how old are they now respectively ? ”

LOOKING at it, you withdraw yourself into a condition of blank passivity : years have fallen away and you are in exactly the same state of nothingness as many a time descended upon you at school when the teacher for some quite unknown reason would seem to write upon the blackboard $a + x = y$ or some such fatuity.

You sat (as you are sitting now) in a condition of Haughty Indifference. She had a perfect right, you conceded, to behave like that with the blackboard : she stayed in the classroom for one solid hour, always, in complete control of the blackboard and she had a right to do so because it was written down on the time table inside the lid of your desk. . . . For yourself, you were indifferent ; you dissociated yourself ; you could sit like that, dissociated, for one solid hour, most of the time not even haughty, not even indifferent—just dissociated. When the teacher departed, you returned to the classroom. Maybe the blackboard would now be treated (by some other teacher) with Dignity : maybe she would draw maps with different coloured chalks . . . you began to perk up a bit.

It was the arithmetic and algebra lessons that were responsible for your always getting A for quietness and attention during lessons : the other subjects affected your behaviour a little and you would tend to sink down in the estimation of the mistresses : you had, during the other lessons, a tendency to fidget on your seat (even to fall off), to burst in with sudden questions, to hazard an

answer in the hope that it might be Right, to punch the next girl if it happened to be Right.

It was the algebra lessons that always procured for you your high marks for quietness and attention.

“ If the ship is twice as old as the boiler was when the ship was as old as the boiler is now and when the boiler is as old as the ship is now their combined ages will be 63 how old are they now respectively ? ”

Yes, you sit and gaze at it, uncomprehending, dissociated Then comes an alteration minute but distinct. Discomfort is in you, you are uncomfortable : this stays with you for but an imperceptible second in terms of actuality and for aeons, I think, in terms of reality according to the acuteness of your involvedness You gaze at it, uncomfortable.

Out of your dim misery there comes a change on the printed page. The words melt, dissolve away (in their meaninglessness) and alone distinct imperative, is looking at you an enormous

63

You gaze at it.

Into your numbed mind floats an almost spoken sentence :

“ Seven Nines are sixty-three.”

Arithmetic. That is what it is. All that ship-and-boiler business is a sum in arithmetic and seven nines are sixty-three. Emotion rises in you, you become excited : the words reform themselves in the printed page, they are there, in front of you, for your reading : you read them.

“ If the ship is twice as old as the boiler was when the ship was as old as. . . ” They go slipping round the corner, the ship and the boiler. You become defiant. You will catch them. What on Earth does that paragraph actually mean ? You are no longer uncomfortable, Curiosity, Combat, Acquisitiveness all rise up within you ;

your instincts rise up within you. Pushed from behind by excitement and defiance you decide to **do that sum**.

Quietly then, with decision and control, you sit down with pencil and paper and take that sum sentence by sentence and decide what each sentence stands for. Calling up your whole intelligence, thinking concentratedly, you grasp the complicated situation of the ship and the boiler. Not knowing much arithmetic you bring into use every one of your fingers and the most of your toes, adding subtracting multiplying, failing trying again succeeding, from the basis of your seven nines and your sixty-three : and within a very little while you have the answer.

Which brings us back to Doctor Jung.

And now I find myself in a difficulty. I can write psychologically but I cannot write about psychology : I find that intellectual intelligent description is almost an impossibility. It is as if you can live, but you cannot write "about" life : Life has to be experienced, known, lived, and the deeper the experiences and the living the less does it seem possible to stand aside and talk about it.

And yet one must try.

Let us go over this last adventure and see if there is anything to be discussed, see what emerges.

The adventure of the ship and the boiler seems to have begun as a series of inner processes : though the name of this piece is—"The High Seas"—quite a deal happened before we set sail, so to speak.

- (1) A blank condition, a queer return to the behaviour of childhood when confronted all those years ago with a similar situation.
- (2) A state of discomfort, an uncomfortable **sensation** : we didn't like it, that blank : we (being natural) abhor a vacuum.
- (3) Out of the discomfort came a *focus of attention*, a focus of attention upon the most important point of

the paragraph : then, almost immediately, there seemed to rise up a piece of knowledge. What process here took place ? **An intuition** : an intuitive fixing upon the most important point and an intuition of its significance "seven nines are sixty-three."

- (4) Excitement then comes, a more directed sensation replaces the sensation of discomfort.
- (5) Defiance arrives : and defiance is hardly a sensation, there is meaning in defiance, defiance is a **feeling**.
- (6) Then, with the sensation of discomfort and the feeling of defiance to rouse them into action arise our necessary instincts—curiosity, combat, and acquisitiveness—and we set sail, we begin to take action, we begin to **THINK**, we pass into **thinking** : we begin to do the sum whereas, up till now, the sum had (as it were) been doing us !

And so happens achievement and a small experience of satisfaction. And when this has taken place we can forget about it and turn to other things.

Introversion and Extraversion, we all have these attitudes : Sensation—Feeling—Thinking—Intuition, we all consist of these types of reaction : these are the ingredients of our psychological make up (according to Doctor Jung) and the order in importance of the attitudes and types, and the proportion of each of them to each other, in all of us, is precisely what makes us all to be of such amazingly complicated and interesting a make up.

“ THE NECESSARY INSTINCTS ”

HERE, in three words—you have it. The necessary instincts : just those ones which are genuinely needed to deal with a given situation, to carry through a situation to a definitely satisfactory conclusion.

We are well equipped in this matter, we have exactly those instincts that will apply to any and every possibility in life and to any and every level of living : Parenthood, Combat, Curiosity, Self-assertion, Submission, Food-seeking, Repulsion, Escape, Unity, Mating, Acquiring, Construction, Appeal.

What more (or less) could anyone by any possibility of imagination ever really need ?

And here, being English, I moralize. Since modern psychology began to be written we have heard so much of the instincts : we have learned that we all suffer from them and, also, that they must not be repressed. This is a great advance from the days when we imagined that—as man—we float aloft, serene, with no link of any kind at all with Mother Nature.

But, at the very beginning of our studies we fell into danger : we studied psychology before Professor McDougall stepped in and explained to us (a) what an instinct consists of, (b) our equipment in this direction.

We learned only one new word and we studied one only of our many instincts. Our first great psychologist is a specialist and like all specialists he worked from a single line of research.

The word that we learned is “ sex.” It would have been so much more proportionate if we had first heard of this instinct as named by Professor McDougall, i.e., **The Mating Instinct** : more ground is indicated and if we had from the beginning learned that one of our instincts is to mate and had been taught to recognize all that this

word implies we might have tried to find out, many of us, married and unmarried, how it is that we haven't.

Parenthood, Unity, Mating: here is something to consider: we can feel beneficently linked with Mother Nature instead of gripped by her in bonds that are impossible to negotiate and (for some folks) to accept.

But, we have been saddled with sex: we have learned of the force and the havoc and the ravages of sex. Painstakingly and at length we have studied the "abnormal" having been told that a thorough knowledge of this subject would help us to understand ourselves and our friends; that we are just like that, ourselves, only in a lesser degree: and never, in any single book, has there been a great last chapter to tell us what is natural Parenthood, Combat, Curiosity, Food-seeking, Repulsion, Escape, Unity, Mating, Acquiring, Construction, Appeal.

All I can say is this: I don't believe in the abnormal: I believe in *Nature*. And I think that if we were all quietly taught the value and the full beauty of nature, the beauty of each and every side of nature (and taught from childhood) we, ourselves, would be natural. And I think that if we all knew our list of instincts and learned the simple application of each of these we would in a great measure cease to imagine that life is a bewilderment and a difficulty, for we should a little grasp the wonderful significance of living.

This is so sweeping an assertion that it almost reads as silly and it certainly is silly when contrasted with the mighty books produced by mighty minds—books that we read in despair, searching for the illuminating thought that is discoverable here and there on the many pages, thought that is obviously so true that, having read, we are aware of having experienced. But there is need of something simpler, something commonsensible and direct, and if you attempt to be commonsensible and direct over anything so huge as life and living then two things certainly do occur (a) You are silly to attempt it, (b) What you say will also be silly.

But if there could be a little simple text book that anyone could read and enjoy how helpful this would be ! a little book giving the list of our instincts and saying quite simply the application of each · if we could have (to start from) a small tabulated list giving us the name of each instinct, its application, and then a further list of various imagined situations and an indication as to which would be the necessary instincts for the successful negotiating of the situation. . . . Of course it couldn't be done, one supposes, but what a starting point we should have : I think of a little paper covered book, about sixpence.

One cannot, in actuality, make a complete division of each from the other, but for simplicity and clearness it could be attempted. Nothing at all is entirely separate from anything else just as there is no thing that is totally united with any other : but separateness is easier to understand than mergence, because mergence is never a simplicity of two and two just added together; mergence is a two and two and a changing : and we already have books, the great books, written on these lines.

Doctor C. D. Broad would allow us to separate our instincts (for the purpose of study) : talking of study he says, " So long as we know what we are doing, and clearly recognize that what seems at first sight closely connected may prove separable and that what seems at first sight independent may prove to be intimately connected, we shall not go far wrong " (*" The Mind and its place in Nature,"* p. 7.)

Parenthood—for the love and protection of all young things and for the general helping of all those who are helpless and in need.

Combat—for our safety : so that (when attacked) we may be able to defend not just ourselves but those who depend upon us · that we fight all that may dangerously affect our living : dirt and disease and ignorance and all manner of unmentionable things.

Curiosity—so that we may find out and learn the way

to live and the right way of living, so that we may learn and continue to learn and never be quite satisfied.

Combat, Curiosity, Repulsion, and Escape seem to go together and are more easily discussed as a group. Combat, Repulsion and Escape seem to be the guardians of our Curiosity if (absorbed) we advance too far we may meet some danger, and defence will then be necessary. If, exploring, there turns up something apparently new to eat and the taste of it horrid—we spit it out; if any contamination is happened upon we turn away. This, not because of any knowledge of past experience but as innate instinctive behaviour that is implanted deep within each living creature

It is safe, therefore, to be curious, to find out, to learn, for placed within us is our own stability.

And there is another side to this. All creatures are curious and as we are protected from the excesses of our own curiosity, so we instinctively protect ourselves from the curiosity of other creatures. For a rampant curiosity on all sides and in every creature would lead to chaos: and if any other creature comes too near us, to poke and to pry, we fight or we escape and integrity is maintained.

Here is such fine balance, such proportion, that one becomes humble before the thought of so vast an interweaving. considering the plan of it, the pattern, there seems no chance at all of any serious dislocation.

But man has muddled the scheme. Gradually emerging from the purely instinctive behaviour of the lower animals and from the unconscious obedience of primitive man he has cut loose from what is innate, natural, and producing his own version has now discovered that his version is a failure.

“ Back to Nature ” was an instinctive cry and instinctively the right solution, the automatic coming into use of the necessary instinct—the *instinct to escape from what is quite definitely unhandleable as a present situation*. But there was one mistake:—The back to nature folks had

no information as to nature ; nature (they thought) consists of nuts and sandals.

The Abbot of Pershore gives a better summing up than this when he speaks of "the actual rectitude and harmony of Nature in which man left the hands of the Creator."

Rectitude and harmony—these are, of course, the underlying principles.

The Gregarious Instinct, or Primitive Passive Sympathy.

In my first chapter I copied down this instinct precisely as called by Professor McDougall in his "*Outline of Psychology*" but in this present chapter I find that I have used a different name. Somehow it didn't fit in, to write such an elaborate title amongst those other simple words. My instinct of repulsion was aroused. And whenever there comes upon one that queer full stop it is wise to take full notice of it.

Why should all instincts but one be nameable in words that any poet could use and one only of them be provided with a scientific sort of a sound ? Sex was bad enough, in all conscience, but gregariousness is Awful. Better inquire a little, I thought.

Gregariousness, in psychology, seems to be a slightly old-fashioned thought : we had a period when we spoke of ourselves as the "herd" just as in education and in politics we used to consider the needs of "The masses." "The masses" has long been dropped from our thought and speech and the "herd" is now very seldom used. Education, politics, and economics have accepted us as definite individuals and people (altruistic people) who wish to help the unfortunate, those who are unfortunate educationally, politically or economically, no longer Descend from Above, they undertake some form of social *service*.

It is interesting to note the way we change.

Primitive Passive Sympathy is that mysterious link to be found amongst certain varieties of animals, it is that which binds together the flocks and herds for their

protection, and the wolves for strength in attack, and the ants and bees for the almost social organization of their living : slangily, the word means *sticking together for the sake of existence and safety*. And man, as an animal, is gregarious.

Primitive peoples so depend upon this instinct that there is hardly any development at all of the individual. Life is lived as a unit by a family or tribe, and so strong is this instinct that solitariness means death. In Bolivia, for instance, in certain tribes, if a man is guilty of some grave crime he is turned away into the forest where inevitably he goes mad. An explorer once told me that now and again you come across one of these poor creatures, screaming. Solitary confinement is a grave punishment and the ' sending to Coventry ' of our time at school is a link with the untold ages that are behind us. Throw your mind back and remember the gravity of it - how the whole form gravely and seriously carried out this business for the decided number of days—how the isolated comrade lived alone, no friend to talk to, no single one to turn to, walking into class and out of class with all the others (in actuality) but, in reality, isolated. Remember, too, the release when that three days were over : there would occur an invisible relief, as if we all shook ourselves for an instant, glad to be rid of such tension. We hadn't become individualized enough to be able happily to bear such an occurrence, we were more comfortable when unconsciously united.

But, for all this, that word seems hopeless when included in the list and applied to ourselves. And now floats into my mind a single sentence—" *Patriotism is not enough*"—Is this the answer? did she, at the moment of her sacrifice, see backward to our sources and forward to our further advance and, when she said that, did she kick over our gregariousness and indicate the absolute necessity of a further emergence from this age old beginning?

Doctor Broad comes in to help us " In trying to analyse

and understand any complex state of affairs which has gradually grown up from simpler beginning, there are two alternative orders of treatment. One is to start by considering the most perfect and highly developed instances of the phenomenon in question. Another is to treat the problem genetically, devoting great attention to its earliest, simplest, and crudest forms. The latter is of course the more popular order at the present time. My own view is that neither line of approach can be dispensed with, but the former is the more fundamental of the two. In the first place, if we want to study the nature and structure of some important item in Reality it is surely more sensible to begin by studying it in its most characteristic and developed forms than in those elementary beginnings in which it is barely distinguishable from other factors in Reality. Even if one's main interest be in the development of something it is at least as important to know what it has developed into as what it has developed out of." (*The Mind and its place in Nature*," p. 11.)

This comment would apply to the gregarious instinct : the gregarious instinct is a part of the beginning of things and should be understood and taken into account, but in our present position in the scheme of evolution we have developed into something further.

"Patriotism is not enough." We already have a vision of a further unity, of a sympathy that is no longer primitive and passive but fully conscious and (therefore) most pre-eminently active a vision that some of us have died for.

Doctor Broad says that to study the most perfect and highly developed instances of a phenomenon is the more fundamental alternative. Then I would like to mention Christ Jesus. Carefully reading the detail of His life one notices how very seldom He was alone : only for periods of inner thought and discipline and in times of the deepest agony. Taken as a whole His life was lived in close relation with other people.

Yet (although He was a man) no one could call Him gregarious.

So I hold to my alteration and I call this instinct **Unity**, because then we can be inclusive : we can see and understand the herd life of the creatures and the tribal life of primitive man and our own history, as nations, when we choose to behave on that level ; we can grasp the whole idea of this 'gregariousness' this primitive passive sympathy : and at the same time and under the same name of Unity we can look forward and see our future way. Studying the Highest we have our vision, the vision that many saints have died for

Rectitude harmony unity, then, are fundamental principles.

The Mating Instinct.

I don't intend to write about it . what I intend is to keep it in its place, i.e., as **one** amongst the very many of our innate and natural forces.

There are two words, 'carnal,' and 'sex,' that have been applied to this reality of living by countless "teachers" who have by the very use of these words shown themselves as never even beginning to grasp the magnificent significance of this instinct when truly obeyed and accepted for the purity that it is

EXAMPLE.

. . . . "duly considering the causes for which Matrimony was ordained "

"Secondly, it was ordained for a remedy against sin, and to avoid fornication ; that such persons who have not the gift of continence might marry, and keep themselves undefiled members of Christ's body."
(From the marriage service of The Established Church of England.)

I have already in my Chapter One, given a sketch of the misuse of this instinct as found almost universally throughout the pagan world and I would here point out

that any individual of to-day living in terms of any one of these misuses is, in the scheme of social evolution, stuck far and away behind in that same pagan attitude.

For we, the common people of to-day, have a far higher conception of living than could be found in any past societies. I quote from Doctor Jung—"The ancients had, if one may so express it, an almost exclusively biological appreciation of their fellow men; this is everywhere apparent in the habits of life and legal conditions of antiquity."—(*Psychological Types*," p. 15.) We have passed, thousands of us quite common people, beyond a purely biological interest in our fellow creatures for we know the full freedom of companionship and of shared interest in all shades of our many sided lives.

And there are thousands of us, commonplace and perhaps uneducated, who had never heard of fornication nor imagined it until it was read out to us by a clergyman on our wedding day.

There are other thousands of us, those of more difficult individuality, who are struggling through their muddled lives and it is here that I would have *instruction*: not so much in what is called "the facts of life" but more particularly in the forces that comprise our lives and in the whole harmony of living. And I would begin with that sixpenny book and I would ask Professor McDougall to write it.

For we are in a muddle and we don't know: we don't know that there is rectitude and harmony and unity within our very nature and that our lives are supine, jangled, dissociated, because we don't know the very simplest rules that comprise our living. We think that unity is something that must be grasped (and so we endlessly search), we don't know that even the smallest attempt to live according to the law will result, immediately, in the beginnings of our own unity which is so deep within ourselves.

We use our very speech in ignorance. "He possesses his wife." It's a muddle between the various instincts.

You cannot possess a living creature ; even your dog has a right to himself and (here) you are glad to give that right and you have, therefore, a real companionship and a love that is often the purest love you know.

For you have never said, in relation to your wife, " she is my dear companion, my companion in all things, and she is my helpmeet." You and she have never shared together what should be your deepest experience ; you have possessed her, and in that very phrase " the possessor and the possessed " you have, summed up, the Mistake. The possessor and the possessed are two and remain two and here is no unity. And so in your life, and at the very core of it, you have no unity, no harmony, and so in all sides of your lives the two of you gradually discover jangledness and dissociation. We need that sixpenny book.

I have a friend, an experienced and charming woman, who quite accidentally found herself engaged to the dearest Scotsman.

When, later on, she tried to make it easy for him to break his engagement he said in his bewilderment—" But I want my home——" Having acquired a decent position in his firm and some money in the bank he would now acquire a home, and a wife to keep it for him. Probably in his choice of my friend he was instinctively right, for she could have made for him a home that he had not yet arrived at envisaging. But, in that remark of his, he showed that he had never come near to making the acquaintance of my friend : he had a picture of his home and he thought that she would make for himself a nice wife : but he had never wanted my friend and all that she could have given to him, his home included.

He had muddled up his instincts and he didn't know : though he was thoroughly well informed as to the facts of life, having gossiped (convivially) with many men.

Well, feeling, perhaps, a little saddened, we will finish with a quotation :—" It is not absolutely necessary . . .

for two lovers to be together. If the mystic-sensuous element in their love be really strong, neither fate nor destiny can undo what the First Cause, through the medium of pure chance, has done. Time and space, in fact, have no longer any power to separate them when once they have met. This is no fantastic, idealistic, romantic moonshine. It is a law of living consciousness. All lovers will bear witness to this. Not to be vividly aware of the other in any separation is a sign that love has changed into affection or into lust or into both. It has ceased to be real love. . . . They can breathe no air, however far-travelled it may be, but the spirit of the other is diffused throughout its undulating presence. . .

“For the sort of love I am speaking of now can only come once in a person’s lifetime. One may have many affections and many lusts, many long devotions and many poignant spasms of pity; but one can only have one love. In each of us there is . . . an organic pattern. This pattern resembles the ragged indentations left on both sides of empty space when a single piece of paper is roughly turn in half. Each of these two torn edges, in the majority of human instances, is pinned or gummed or glued to a foreign torn edge, alien, ill-fitting! But sometimes, although it is rare, *the edges fit*. When they do so, it is more than a smooth and even piece of paper that results; for behold, there are living hieroglyphs upon the page.” . . . John Cowper Powys. (*“In Defence of Sensuality,”* p.144.)

The Poor Lady.

A friend, travelling, wrote to me an incident he had noticed :—“I saw an old maid wheeling a perambulator in which, with all a baby’s trappings, lay a lap-dog.”

It makes one think, a pitiful thing like that. What was it, in reality, that my friend had seen? an instance of the parental instinct? Yes, but queerly functioning, and so, a muddle.

It makes one think. Where, exactly, was the muddle?

That poor lady to be going on in such a fashion must have been most strongly maternal. One can imagine her as a little girl, surrounded by her dolls, washing their silly faces, combing out their woolly hair, dressing them, wheeling them out in their perambulator. Then that little girl, gradually growing up—she must have developed enough (in her maternal instinct) to realize that dolls are not alive, that a perambulator needs to have in it some other quality than inanimateness. And so it would seem to presage, her life, a steady and natural advance until she had in her perambulator the happiest occupant.

And yet here she is, at middle age—stuck: just stuck fast in all she could manage in the way of an attitude, an insight, into perambulators.

And because of her stoppage, caught fast in an evil enchantment and turned into a spinster. For spinsterhood is an evil enchantment that can happen to any woman married or unmarried. And I use the word 'enchantment' quite advisedly because all these, caught in these things, are in a real enchantment for they imagine that they are happy. How pitiful it is.

And so it would seem to be (as one ponders) that any one of our instincts that may be tied to some unsuitable object shows us up as removed from life, from living, and, though happy in our deflection, enchanted. Enchantment is a fearful thought. It means isolation and dissociation. The years go by and we do not know them, friends that we might have had we never see, happiness that would be awake, alive, and in actuality, we cannot envisage, work that is ours to do we don't attempt, and, though living we might be placed amongst those who have not survived, for we do not really live.

And I think again of our poor lady. What hadn't she, in her life, been able to survive? Impossible to tell.

But this one thing is certain: somehow, somewhen, she had been cut off from naturalness and, with her own

great impulse towards fulfilment, she had supplied herself with the best that she could manage.

And any doctor would be bound to label her as pathological.

Queer to think that as we read this she may be at this moment wheeling out her perambulator through that little town and that in a very few years from now she may gently go insane.

For insanity consists of *hybris*, of a narrowing of the field of consciousness, and (therefore) the more one is cut off from the width and breadth of living and of knowledge, the more that life is lived in terms of one function only, and that lopped off from the experiences of complete fulfilment, the more is there the danger of becoming entirely submerged, drowned in the sea of all that should have been.

Why does she wheel around a lap dog, our poor lady ? Why is it that she has remained so innocent of life ? Perhaps it was her parents kept her so. Perhaps she lived with them all her girlhood in one of those tall houses with narrow steps up to the front door, and an area : probably they saw to it that she remained unspotted from the world (as they would have phrased it) and kept her safe from any contact or from any knowledge that might have stirred her, have carried her a little further with her perambulator.

Perhaps they grew old, these parents, while she tended them and waited on them : and they, seeing her still Innocent (as they wished her to be), died happily, feeling that they left her safe, that they had taken care of her as all good parents should.

And so she inherited the tall house and their tiny income, now much depleted since the War, and so she crept into the letter from my friend and so she comes into our knowledge for love and sympathy and understanding that will be of no use to her and that will never help her.

I once heard Doctor Adler. He talked of these folks in all their variety and he asked a question : he said—

"Who is responsible?"—and then he paused and he said in his quiet unsensational reasonable manner—"We are responsible——"

And I wonder. I wonder could any one of us do anything when coming across a lady such as this, a lady sunk in a hybris, in a narrowing of consciousness.

Supposing I stopped her in the street and said (as one does sometimes say, in spontaneous admiration, to the mother of a lovely child)—"May I just look at it?"—or—"How you must love your darling——" Couldn't call it a baby, of course, but could produce something sympathetically spoken. I wonder would she respond, our poor lady, feel a little glow, feel a little unity, feel, therefore, not quite so narrowed, with the simple sensation in her being that someone really did appreciate? that there was some live actual person entered and sitting beside her in her enchantment?

Silly to talk like this, but we don't know: and it may be in our ignorance of these things that there are folks who come, finally, into the hands of the Doctors who can only say "incurable" and keep them as Safe as their parents could have wished, though perhaps in rather different surroundings, folks who might never have come to this if we had felt responsible enough.

We don't know: but the Abbot of Pershore speaks of Love as the core of personality and maybe, before a creature is "incurable," it might be possible for one personality out of the very centre of love to speak direct, to touch the very core of another personality so near lost, so pitiful.

We don't know: but Doctor Millais Culpin says that he is always and endlessly surprised at the tiny little thing it is that makes the difference, the difference between the down grade of ill health and the turn to the up grade towards health and sanity.

Professor McDougall places the parental instinct at the very beginning of his list. This seems at first surprising for we are more used to thinking of marriage, and the

consequent parenthood, in their order of relatedness and it comes as a second thought, the realization that at our very entrance into life our strongest contact is with the parental instinct of our own parents so to speak. Professor Freud first gave to this fact its modern psychological significance, seeing motherhood as a menace and an evil almost, writing of Jocasta and the mother who takes, who preys upon her children, putting this evil at the very root of all deflection, this verdict arising out of his wide experience of many evilly enchanted lives.

And there grew up for a little while a small school of thinkers who said with finality that at birth an infant should be immediately removed from the mother so that it might not in any way be injured : the same conclusion is reached by Samuel Butler towards the end of "*The Way of all Flesh*," and Plato, also, said the same.

Plato said that folks who were suitable for the begetting of children and the bearing of children should be carefully chosen by the State and should produce the requisite number of children (everybody else, apparently, being forced to acquire the gift of continence) : these children, having been "produced," should be brought up by the State and educated in properly arranged institutions staffed by properly trained people. ("*The Message of Plato*," p. 82.)

Professor Freud, being a great scientist, could only speak from the facts he had observed, and Plato as a great philosopher seeing the mess in his particular civilization could only do his best in the suggestion of a solution : and it is only fair to mention that Plato having given his scheme for an Ideal State said quite frankly that this could never be carried out in actuality, that it wouldn't work.

It doesn't seem to have struck either Plato or Professor Freud to write for us that great last chapter telling us the value of real motherhood, of right nurture, of parents and homes and children, of care and of freedom as we love to see them and as we do see them nowadays on all sides

of us, amongst our common folks. Professor Freud spoke from his knowledge of disaster, Plato wrote from his knowledge of the pagan life and (as I have already pointed out) the level of both, when one speaks in terms of social development, is more or less the same.

The world might have been, already, a very different place if Plato had had a little more imagination about human nature

There was Somebody who had more imagination, who could never by any possibility have thought out a system of life for He lived amongst all sorts of people and He loved and understood. When asked how many times we should forgive He answered—"until seventy times seven"—forgiveness, to Him, being so much more important than any injury: an imagination, an insight, a forgiveness and a love that planted Life into an almost dying world.

And I wonder how much of the actual manhood of that life, the actual right human adjustment, would be directly due to the human parental care of Joseph and of Mary? That home, that carpentering, that whole folk simplicity and rightness would be tremendously important towards the future great two years. We've been so overcome by the thought of holiness that we haven't quite realized this other important fact of naturalness.

And so, again, we have our Example, and remembering this, it is safe to return to "*An Outline of Psychology*"

I'd give two extracts: p. 133. "Only the young creature whose prime needs (food, shelter, warmth and protection) are cared for by the parental instinct can enjoy . . . a period of youth in the full sense. The young so cared for . . . do not require instincts precisely organized and nicely fitted to the various objects and situations with which the adult animal will have to deal. The young animal that enjoys a protected period of youth requires instincts which, though capable of generating powerful impulses to action, are relatively general or non-specific on both the receptive and executive sides. . . ."

. . . And the longer the period of youth, that is, of relative incapacity under parental care, the richer the experience which co-operates in the pursuit of the goals prescribed by instincts."

I feel this statement to be the most important I have ever read in regard to parental care, the most important accurately to understand. It is so vague—one is left with a vagueness as to the period of youth, as if youth might go on, almost indefinitely, and a condition of relative incapacity become a permanent result. As it did in the case of our poor lady. One feels, somehow, a danger, a full stop.

There is danger, also, in that unfocused patch when "the instincts are relatively general and non-specific in both the receptive and executive sides." Which instincts? Curiosity, certainly, should be specifically functioning, and self-assertion, and submission.

I feel that this paragraph needs to be thoroughly sorted out and most precisely understood. Because parental care is one of the most dangerous things in the whole wide world if too long indulged in by the parents or accepted by the children.

I quote another most important paragraph:—p. 138.

"A very striking fact, which reveals the predominantly instinctive nature of all parental care amongst animals, is the indifference shown by the parents as soon as the young cease to need and demand their care. It seems probable, though so far as I know the experiment has never been made, that, if the young could be kept young and helpless and clamorous for food and care, or if, for example, young birds in a nest could be kept constantly substituted by others of the same species a few days younger, the parents would continue to respond indefinitely. It is the key operated by the young which keeps open, or repeatedly opens, the door of the parental instinct; and, when the key is no longer applied, the instinct sinks into quiescence; though in rare instances

some appetite may be displayed, as when an animal that has no offspring seems to make efforts to adopt those of another."

It will help if one considers this in connection with the parents of our poor lady. Our poor lady is, obviously, an only child. A child of many sisters and brothers could never have grown up quite so lonely as this, for she would have experienced the happiness of playing with her young companions and, therefore, would have looked for something more reciprocative than her present charge would seem to be.

The parents of our poor lady must have had (as she has) a most strong parental instinct and so, not having in their lives the recurring rhythm of new young lives to care for, they tried the experiment indicated by Professor McDougall, keeping this one child forever young and helpless. Not succeeding in actuality, for they could never arrest the passing years, but succeeding in reality, in inner values (in their experiment with Nature) for they saw to it that she stayed forever undeveloped and therefore forever helpless in the grip of her own insistent nature. But she has, however, made her effort and Professor McDougall points out that this does sometimes happen "as when an animal that has no offspring seems to make efforts to adopt those of another."

And what I would demand, staring in the face and defying our education and our civilization, is that we set to work, consciously and determinedly, to understand and OBEY these laws of Mother Nature. Because if we do not obey these laws, if we try our own experiments (out of the falsity of our 'systems' or our sentimentalities) we, ourselves, are not only the ones who pay. The further ones to pay are those whom we, in our disobedience, cut off from naturalness.

And I feel a clear picture of the instincts in their right order of development to be of the greatest value. We need a sound framework, a rightly put together skeleton, before we may safely discuss the further details. I do

not feel happy over these paragraphs on parental care ; I do not like that patch of non-specificness : I have a thought that nature is never non-specific, that nature has no use for unfocusedness and so I inquire a little further. I want to clarify my mind in this particular. It would be right and natural for one instinct to be unfocused before the time arrived for reception and execution : but whilst one instinct might be getting ready to come into action, surely some other instinct would be finding its right expression, would be taking the important place ? It seems all wrong, a period of relative incapacity. Dangerous.

The Abbot of Pershore speaks of life as a steady right gradation, and this seems logical and right. He gives no mention of any period of vagueness or incapacity : he mentions the rhythm of advance and the fact that times of introversion should be naturally recurrent, but he would call the apparent quiescence of introversion a real activity of the most focused kind, although withdrawn from objective living. (*" Laudate,"* December 1932, p. 212.)

I feel that there is *something missing* in this statement of Professor McDougall's and I turn again to "*An Outline of Psychology*" to see if there is anywhere some qualifying statement.

There is a short footnote on p. 139. " It has often been remarked that amongst the labouring classes a similar indifference on the part of the parents often supplants their tender solicitude, when the children no longer need their constant care. This is a perfectly natural consequence of the fact that, as a child grows up he gradually loses those qualities which appeal directly to the parental instinct."

The labouring classes, apparently, are more nearly obedient to the parental instinct as so correctly shewn amongst the other mammals : more obedient, I mean, than the educated classes when one considers these as mammals also.

And here, I think, is the answer. Only I would prefer

to say *the artisans* rather than the labouring classes for we should then have a more true picture in our minds as to the lives of these others of our fellow creatures. Study the lives of the artisans, their homes and their families and their whole way of living, and one finds a balance and an order and a psychological health that is extraordinary : extraordinary, I mean, when compared with other levels of society.

And one finds amongst the young a certain impulse arriving automatically and as automatically coming into use, i.e., **The Food Seeking Instinct**, the insistent ambition to go out away from home and earn one's living. And this instinct is obeyed (by the artisans) who at certain time cease their so tender solicitude and take it for granted that at a certain age a boy or a girl will naturally become an independent wage earner.

I talk ideally, in a way, in order to stress my point : I am not considering the economic upheaval, the neuroses that are attendant on unemployment, the fact that education ceases all too soon, and that life is stultified by the cramping that comes from days of monotonous work and no real pastimes in the leisure periods. All these things I know too well need most urgently to be adjusted. What I do point out is unanswerable, i.e., that the artisans are nearer in their obedience to natural laws than are the more educated classes with their highly specialized and so dreadfully segregated young : and that amongst the artisans the Food Seeking Instinct is allowed or perhaps forced to come into action at just about the period when it begins to be felt as a wish, a drive to action : whereas, in higher walks of life under this system of prolonged parental care and prolonged play and education, the food seeking instinct is undeniably ignored.

And I wonder how much of that dangerous patch of relative incapacity is due to parental and educational ignorance as to the natural sequence of life ?

And I turn, again, to our Example. Joseph was a good man, and just. In that carpenter's shop would be

work well done by himself and that Lad, working side by side: that Lad, in His happy home life and His happy working life (as an artisan) would have the joy and satisfaction of His own well done work and honestly earned praise at exactly the age that is natural and right for any other lad.

Why don't we notice these important things, think a little more clearly, and see just where it may be that we have muddled life, in our disobedience?

We have wandered far from our poor lady—and yet no further than her home had wandered in its disobedience to laws of living.

And, tentatively, I suggest a sequence, in no sense complete for, again, I am not competent: I am not competent to work out in detail and with scientific accuracy the exact and right gradation for each separate drive as it comes forward to take a rightful importance.

Parental Care for all the helpless years and under this care a right alignment for Curiosity with its guardians of Combat, Repulsion and Escape. Submission and Self-assertion probably alive and in the right proportion needful for any situation. The Food Seeking Instinct, the beginning of the joys of life: working, learning, experiencing, dreaming, towards the future of completer independence and, already, the independence of earned money no matter how small or how inadequate.

The Mating Instinct, as the crown of all this young endeavour.

And Unity through everything: unity with parents, and then a separate unity within oneself, and amongst one's young companions; unity with those who teach our work, and unity with whom we come together in our further joy and happiness.

THIS WORD "ABNORMAL."

This word 'abnormal,' it makes me Sick.

I have a friend who is a real scientist at a research place, who sits on a stool all day and all night peering

through a microscope. And the things he peers at are the little creatures that make up the diseases of plants. And I use the word "Little" quite advisedly because the size of these creatures is about four million to the one thousandth of an inch.

And one day, I went to see my friend who shewed me his little creatures and many drawings he had made of what he called their curve of life. My friend had turned his creatures into slides and you could look through the microscope and ask questions as to their character and habits. They had a very simple shape, these creatures, rather like a spot with a thread of a tail, but there was one with no tail! So I, being stuffed just then with psychology and rather fancying myself as the World's Psycho-Analyst don't you know, said, "I suppose this one is abnormal?" And my friend said—"No, it is not abnormal. That is my fault. I left something out of the culture."

(A culture is the stuff you put it in, its environment in fact.)

And ever since then that word abnormal has made me feel sick

Loneliness.

From "*In Defence of Sensuality.*"

P. II.—"The lowest forms of life *seem* an eternal sequence of the same thing. The species, the race, seems the unit. Advance a little further, and still, on the surface, you find living things dwelling together, growing together, living and dying together, in apparent indiscriminate proximity. Masses of grass, of moss, of lichen; beds of seaweed, beds of rushes; flocks of birds, shoals of fishes, swarms of flies, colonies of insects. If you want to observe an apparent example of the lack of any desire for loneliness, in the early stages of reptile-life, observe a number of crocodiles together. Apparently identical in every respect, they lie side by side *touching at every point*. Look as closely

as you may, you can detect no evidence that one crocodile, or one alligator, ever *gets on the nerves* of another. They are apparently too low in the scale to have the least wish to be alone. But all this is superficial. In the drowsy consciousness of every one of these creatures there is real loneliness and real individuality."

P. 93.—"Loneliness is at once the soul's supreme achievement and its strongest link with all the earlier stages of its evolution. In loneliness a human being *feels himself backward* . . . into the earlier planetary life of animals, birds, reptiles, and even into the cosmogonic life of rocks and stones.

It is impossible to overestimate the *separating-power* of the mystery of the individual. No two human beings are alike. An abysmal gulf separates us from our nearest and dearest."

Although I quote from this book I do not put it on my list for reading because of the oldfashionedness of the main argument which is based upon the best pre-Plato paganism: though, for the understanding of loneliness as an instinctive need of the individual, and as an expression of the sensation function carried to its highest level this book is of intense interest.

Thinking of unity we have, also, to accept the fact of apartness: indeed either one of these expressions is meaningless without the other, and it seems necessary, therefore, to add one more instinct to our list: *The Instinct of Solitariness*.

We have already a pair of seeming opposites in self-assertion and submission, and either of these without the restraining balance of the other would mean a lopsidedness. No creature should be all-submissive, no creature all-assertive: each of these instincts has its right expression and its suitable occasions, and a fine understanding of the exact application of these impulses would do much to mitigate very many of our sufferings both within ourselves and at the hands of other people.

Submission and self assertion are social instincts for the preservation of individual integrity in correct relation with the demands of the community and do not apply in the deeper personal relationships, where Love becomes the medium.

The child has to submit to parental decisions and cling at the same time to its rightful individuality—but this only in order that the community of the home should be in right alignment—the personal relationship between the parents and the child is that of the personal freedom of an understanding love which, of itself, stands for equality. We need to differentiate, to separate these things quite clearly, and see the shades of application in order to apply with absolute intelligence these instincts to our daily lives.

And so with these other opposites—Unity and Loneliness. It is impossible to imagine a constant unvarying unity and it is equally impossible to see as natural an everlasting loneliness: it is, however, quite easy to accept both of these as a deep law, a rhythm that is within us. Not a law of fixed proportion, but a law of varying proportion according to the individual nature, for without some of stronger self-assertion there would arise no present leaders of our life of actuality and without others of a deeper loneliness we should have no poets nor men of vision, those who see reality in preparation for the leaders of our future years.

It is interesting that gregariousness has so entered our field of thought leaving solitariness so overlooked, but here there may be an historical explanation—“*Instinct of the Herd in Peace and War*” is so outstanding an achievement, that coming as it did at the end of the years of war, we had the impression of a last word. War is always an expression of real animal gregariousness and any study of this instinct coming at such a period would almost certainly see peace as more ‘gregarious’ than it is: for it is at these times that the poets and the men of vision are apt to be forgotten.

We hear much of the social order of the bee and the ant in relation to mankind : we know the habits of these communities and we ourselves are so enslaved to the social idea that we have overlooked very many other expressions of nature that show, and need to have their rightful expression, within ourselves : for man in his wide variety links up with nearly everything. Popular speech allows this fact. We call a man a gay dog ; another, a clumsy elephant ; another, a poor worm : (queer, it is, that in the superiority of our ignorance we have not noted that no elephant is clumsy and that the worm takes for its use exactly what it chooses out of all the richness of the earth).

May one mention cats ? the great solitaires who walk by themselves and are indifferent ? may one ask everybody to buy and read "*Dudley and Gilderoy*" and really become acquainted with these two great artists ? Algernon Blackwood magnificently shows solitariness, detachment, *artistry*, as qualities almost indivisible and at the same time has pictured a devotion, a unity, that is unforgettable : and this fantasy seems to be so minutely true that one can read it as research and see the parallels in our own lives—where (as animals) we are the same, where, as men and women, we have so lost, when it may be that our rightful way is to transcend. For in studying these parallels in order to understand our own basis of instinctive ways it must never for one instant be forgotten that the path of human nature is to transcend. That we don't transcend, that we have never transcended, is a sign of our disobedience and of the muddle that we have made.

Unity and Loneliness, rightly operating in each of us in a due proportion of rhythm according to the natural focus of the individual, here is a balance that seems logical and natural. Those who are more balanced on the side of unity to give themselves to the actual service of their fellow men—who are more naturally alone to retire and reach an inner vision, a deeper unity, without which the

world might die : leaders to have their times of quiet retreat ; great thinkers, great artists, never quite to lose a contact with the common folk, so that an outer experience might safely guard the preciousness (and the danger) of inspiration.

Unity and Solitariness, these two great opposites, how difficult it is.

“Loneliness is the first born of Life ; and Life’s most difficult task is to establish a compromise between it and Love its second-born sister.” (*“In Defence of Sensuality,”* p 10)

But there can be no “compromise,” either with the one or with the other, for both are deep drives and both must be implicitly obeyed—not through compromise but by the open acceptance of each, and with reconciliation

And how we fear to try this reconciliation. Those of us who are more sociable, how we cling to the crowd, how we dread the blank of apartness, of meditation, never for one moment knowing that here would we touch the deepest that it is possible to know—others who are apart, how we loathe the very thought of contact, feeling with a stubborn dread that we should by the very livingness of this contact lose something of our own so precious life. We are so frightened of balance, of reconciliation, that we desperately cling to our lopsidednesses never for one moment envisaging the width and the freedom that comes, immediately, through obedience to the law.

For Unity and Loneliness are deeper than any social order : deeper than gregariousness or nongregariousness. These are the rhythm of our souls, of the very central part of us. And because of this, we fear, we fear to lose our souls.

We do not know that “he who loses his soul shall find it” is a simple statement of the strictest law of life.

A CAREFULNESS

THIS book is going ahead too quickly and I feel a danger. A leap has happened and leaps are always dangerous: leaps in the dark, I mean. One must not take a jump from the basis of the instincts and land, casually, upon the Loneliness of the Soul: the loneliness of the soul belongs to quite another subject, or rather, to another part of the gradation.

Because in talking of the instincts as our natural basis, we have been considering naturalness only, whereas the loneliness of the soul feels to be a small upward reaching towards the supernatural: and there may be many things to consider before it is time to think of this.

I will turn back, therefore, to these gradations as shewn by the Abbot and it may be possible to judge just exactly where we are and what should be the next consideration.

- (1) The egocentric, the ethical.
- (2) The anthropocentric, the altruistic.
- (3) The egotheocentric, the intellectual.
- (4) The theocentric, the supernatural.

The egocentric has been our subject: obedience to the natural animal that is within us all, understanding of (and acceptance of) our very roots deep down in the soil of Mother Earth. Curiosity, Self-assertion and Submission, Mating, Parenthood, Foodseeking—"Give us this day our daily bread."—And our authority, Professor McDougall, who says that Nature has not made man upon any new plan, she did but compound her elements with greater skill and success. And, as the highest for a man? Self-esteem. The fact that with his instincts accepted and intelligently obeyed, working through all the subtleties of the sentiments and emotions, a man can turn round and controlled, conscious, look himself full in his

own face, and respect himself as a developed character. This is, of course, ethical.

Professor McDougall says that this development of character is a matter of training, that the young human is born with no innate sense of this order, this harmony, but has to be educated and taught. The young human is, by nature, amoral. The Abbot of Pershore and Doctor Jung while accepting the whole of the findings as to the basis of the instincts do not accept the nature of man to be amoral.

Doctor Jung.--"Morality was not brought down on tables of stone from Sinai and forced upon the people. Rather is morality a function of the human mind, as old as humanity itself. Morality is not forced upon men from without; man has it *a priori* in himself—not the law indeed, but the moral being." (*"Two Essays on Analytical Psychology,"* p. 25.)

The Abbot of Pershore.--"Christ took our complete Humanity—of which sin is not a part." (*"Laudate,"* December 1932, p. 224.)

Professor McDougall has seen "the law," the fact of training and the building of character and the gradual growth, therefore, of self-esteem. Doctor Jung sees more insistently "the moral being" and teaches that with the liberation of this that is within us we choose naturally to accept the law. It is how you look at it. Obviously an ethic could not be understood and accepted by any nature imprisoned in a neurosis, an evil enchantment, and (again obviously) a nature that is in freedom does need to have a law, a definite code to accept, a social framework within which to put itself.

Thinking carefully, one feels both relief and caution.

It gives immense encouragement to know of the moral nature, goodness, as an innate quality that is within us for laws that are given to us are, then, most likely to be accepted and obeyed (that word "law-giver" is significant): on the other hand, laws that are given must

be right and just and good otherwise how could these be acceptable to the goodness that is within us ?

We hear so much of rebellion. A rebellious nature, we are told, is a wrongness : rebellion must be changed to an humble acceptance. . . . Maybe it is that the goodness that is within us has risen up, combative, towards the evil of some law that has been imposed ?

It would appear, therefore, that a good law, a right ethic, a sound code, is easily accepted by our innate morality whereas a false law is innately rejected ? The freedom of a right law, one feels, should happily and easily meet the freedom of the rightness that is within us ; these two should meet, happily, and be reconciled.

But they don't. And the world, therefore, is in a muddle. And so we have, those of us who care, a double task : (a) Those of us who are ethically, politically, economically minded to see to it that our laws are made in conformation with the underlying truths of nature and of rightfulness, and (b) Those others of us who are not so good at arithmetic to see to it that something within us is liberated, disenchanted, so that these laws may be gladly accepted and faithfully carried out.

Here would be no Utopia, no though-out-high-falutin' system : here would be (either) no Islands of the Blest, no everlasting quietude, but just a healthy world, a happy world : which is all that the world was ever meant to be.

Though, thinking it over, one has to reject a world, an order of living, an acceptance of the law, that might be based only upon self-esteem. This, as one considers it, feels to be a little miserable, feels to be lacking somewhere, feels to be cold, unfriendly.

But Professor McDougall talks of altruism. He sees the altruism of motherhood as nature's most bright and best achievement and he says that it is out of this altruism, this parental care, that all that is best in us has developed.

So that we find ourselves carried forward into the second of the gradations, i.e., **The anthropocentric, the altruistic.**

And, carefully considering, it becomes obvious that a growing up is beginning to take place. The self is the beginning of things, the very first part of a person to be properly established. We say that the child is egocentric and we know that this is rightly so. A child *has* to be egocentric or it might never, having been "produced," survive.

A child *has* to have its centre within itself otherwise it might become swamped in the multiplicity of all the details that are so overwhelmingly surrounding it. It has to take from these details exactly what is required and resolutely refuse to accept those details that it does not yet need. A child can only survive at all by means of a noisy rejection of its own discomforts. Without this self-centredness a child might die. A child has to feel *right* in order to negotiate the appalling task that is in front of it.

And a man, also, has to feel *right* in order to be able to pass on towards a further living : a man has to feel right with Mother Nature and with himself in order to be able to give attention to those other things that Life may demand from him. And so, feeling right, feeling comfortable, he looks around and discovers Other Men. And, in this mere discovery he passes through the barrier and he becomes anthropocentric, altruistic. And he prays—
" *as we forgive them. . .*"

CHAPTER THREE

POOR CREATURES

" For in this world, certein, ther no wight is
That he ne dooth or seith som-tyme amis.
Ire. sikenesse, or constellacioun,
Wyn, wo, or chaunginge of complexioun
Causeth ful ofte to doon amis or spoken."

POOR creatures, we are, at the mercy of so many things. It is as if we are not quite responsible, always, for our sayings and our actions. Anger, illness, *at the mercy of the stars* which I suppose would be our modern version of "constellacioun"? and even we are summed up as being under the influence of something intangible within ourselves, something not caused by our reactions to other objects (like wyn or wo) but some invisible influences within our very bodies.

Chaucer seems to depict our way of living unwittingly, seems in these lines to point out that we are but poor creatures: no, that reading of 'poor creatures' is my own personal opinion creeping in. Chaucer, a great poet, depicts. And each age therefore is able to work out from his picture of human-ness exactly the conclusions that belong to that age and along the lines of the actual knowledge of a particular "day." Chaucer, Shakespeare, any great depicting genius, writes down and with such high genius that the writer himself, the ego, the *opinion* of the writer simply doesn't exist in his writings. So that for all time there stands a true writing down of what is and, for all time, the lesser folk, the moralists (like myself) have clear observation, clear truth, to work out from. For it must be remembered that an opinion, a trend of any sort whatsoever, gives a bias. The self steps in between, pulls that which exists and should be seen clearly, limpidly, as just existing, into a distortion.

It is right to have opinions, and moral opinions at that, for without this there would be no upward progress. It is the consciously held and carried out opinion of each particular generation that is so very slowly lifting us out of a life of sheer unwittingness. The trouble begins when the opinions are based upon opinionated observation, when thing that ARE are observed with a slightingness as things that oughtn't to be. A clear observation would merely observe things as they are and out of this would visualize things as they might be. But it is very difficult to keep your opinionatedness in exactly the right place, which would be as non-existent.

A clear observation would see actuality in all its incompleteness and at the same time would visualize the greater truths of reality. And from this a clear opinion would arise: That it would be a good thing to try to bring these two a little nearer to each other, to try therefore a little to reconcile these two: to add, therefore, Something to the already existing actuality.

The Abbot of Pershore sees the unwittingness of actuality, discusses the many established ways of personal development and then adds a further suggestion.

He says it must not be only by way of "the usual corrections . . . such as an insistence on the objectification of the soul and its religion; the regular frequentation of the sacraments; the doing of good works; the practical cultivation of the virtues; the turning of the 'negative' into the 'positive'; the ruthless hunting down of pride, self-love, ego-complexes, sloth, sensuality—these generally go together—the unearthing of interior dislocations, of congenital weaknesses or shallowness of the 'herd instinct,' of the clash of psychic energies with conflicting and misdirected conations of the hypertrophy, of clusters of ideas and images connected with sex . . ." but also "It is for some attention to what Jung calls 'Complexes,' that is, emotional repressions in the 'Unconscious' as well as to neural processes and the function of the endocrine or ductless glands, particularly

in emotional reactions." (*"Laudate,"* December 1932, p. 209.)

So that the Abbot sees and mentions in his modern scholarly language all the amissness that Chaucer so simply puts down, and at the same time points towards a "might be"—or rather, points the detail of investigation that could be undertaken in order that this "might be" should begin to take place, in order that a man might begin to come under his own direction rather than stay (swayed) under the impulses arising from constellacioun and chaunginge of complexioun and the like.

ENTROPY

THE Abbot refers to Jung and asks us to consider emotional repressions in the "Unconscious" and here it becomes necessary clearly to understand what Doctor Jung is speaking of when he uses this term.

I shall refer to "*Contributions to Analytical Psychology*" as by far the simplest of Jung's writings for it is made up of lectures to different societies, and articles that have appeared in various periodicals, and has a beginning explanation of only seventy pages that gives a quick outline of the main theories upon which the further chapters are based.

I find that the easiest way to "get" a book that is a little new to me and therefore, perhaps, a little difficult, is to go carefully through the chapter contents at the beginning and then carefully through the index at the end. By the time I have done this I do know what the book is about.

Having managed thus far I mark everything in the index that may sound familiar and read these pieces in the book: by doing this, by reading first the pieces that may be familiar, I begin to feel linked up with the book and am then ready to read the book as a whole.

If I started off in the Alice-in-Wonderland way of beginning at the beginning and going on to the end and then stopping I fear that there are very many books (the great books) that I would never by any possibility understand at all.

So to this book by Doctor Jung and the contents of Chapter One, our important first seventy pages.

"On Psychical Energy.

I. General discussion of the energetic point-view in psychology.

(a) Introduction.

(b) The possibility of measurement of psychic quantity.

(1) The subjective system of values.

(2) The objective measure of quantity.

II. The application of the energetic standpoint.

(a) The psychological theory of energy.

(b) The conservation of energy.

(c) Entropy.

(d) "Energism" and dynamism.

III. The fundamental concepts of the libido-theory.

(a) Progression and regression.

(b) Extraversion and introversion.

(c) The transformation of libido

(d) Symbol-making.

IV. The primitive concept of libido "

Obviously a seventy pages that will take some getting down to !

I read this list three times, as I read in my Chapter One the list of the instincts, and then I say to myself—"What's *entropy* ?"—and turn to page twenty-seven.

One has to visualize, I think, a kind of engine and one has to imagine what is going on inside this engine in order that a journey may begin and continue. One needs a knowledge of physics, or at any rate a sound practical experience of the inner workings of some machine that is manned by some sort of force. Not having either (any more than one has a knowledge of arithmetic) these three pages have to be read imaginatively and are somewhat difficult to understand.

Apparently there have to be unequal opposites working together at high stress towards an equalization. But, because of the inequality of these there cannot be absolute equalization and a new process, a new attitude, therefore develops. And the greater the beginning difference between these opposites the greater will be the stress between them, and therefore the more

energy will come from them in order to carry out the attempted equalization. And the greater the opposite-ness and, therefore, the greater the conflict, the more lasting and the more stable will be the final solution.

The conflict does not exist in order merely to resolve itself into absolute quietness, but in order to resolve itself enough to liberate for a further application the *slightly more* that the one side or the other may (or must) consist of.

But this is not quite all, for entropy means a condition of general equilibrium.

This would be a general equilibrium between the opposite attitudes of extraversion and introversion, and the functions of sensation, feeling, thinking, and intuition: one should call this, I think, a condition of constantly changing equilibrium.

There is a charming toy that is an improvement on the old fashioned casual kaleidoscope: you buy it at those nice educational shops and it looks like a black tin microscope. But this charming toy shows always a definite pattern. You put in it any small bright odds and ends—a few beads and a forgetmenot, perhaps, and looking through, you slowly turn the toy. The beads and the forgetmenot do all kinds of happy little dances, shifting, changing, but always arriving at a pattern, a definite symmetry.

One might liken entropy to this—a symmetry of pattern constantly maintaining itself within our deeps and in our consciousness: and, because of this shifting equilibrium, our outer lives, our lives in actuality, would also show themselves as patterned, as having a varied charm.

That our lives do not show up like this is a sign that we have not yet attained to equilibrium.

Jung would call this equilibrium *integration*, whereas the Abbot of Pershore speaks of "a segmented life."

But there is a point where we as progressive human beings differ from this toy. Our patterns change them-

selves with the advancing years. It is as if new little trifles were added to our store giving us the possibility of further constellations. And with these additions we have also certain losses, for there are wishes, impulses, attractions, that at one time make up our patterns and which undeniably must die out.

So that this equilibrium is in no sense a constant thing but it is (or should be) a constant advance

Until we reach to the Highest: or at least to the nearest to this that each one of us could manage. And it is here, perhaps, that we might come to rest.

For in this idea of entropy is not only the thought of unequal opposites needing energy for their reconciliation into further oppositions and reconciliations—but there is also the thought of a gradual diminishing of force. So that there does come a final resting-place: as final, that is, as anything living could justly be so called.

Henry James so strongly saw this energetic movement of life that all his later novels are workings out of this concept. Study the subjectiveness of these books of his and one "gets" the energetic point of view. All is a kaleidoscopic invisibility, a constant interplay of inner relationships. Action happens, often of a most startling kind, but action occurs as an almost inevitable throw up from the more intense and more exciting drama that is so active although so hidden: a drama—not so much between people as between the qualities of living that these people represent: indeed in his preface to "*The Golden Bowl*" Henry James does not speak of his characters as definite people but as "the small handful of values." The real importance is the never ending interplay of essences, interplay and interaction not only between the various characters but, more important still, within each separate character. One might (whimsically) suggest a course of study, taking, perhaps, "*The Golden Bowl*," as a first text book. Here is this interplay, this invisibility of changing relationships put down with so sure an intuition and so minute an exposition that the

thing stands out, unanswerable: the book moves quietly, with certainty, *underneath* all the horrid struggle the disgusting story of its actuality, till after many a crisis, many an inner stress, many a reshift therefore into fresh patterns, the foregone conclusion quietly comes to rest—and entropy is reached.

Maggie and her Prince arrive at an equilibrium.

Yes, "*The Golden Bowl*" could be put down as a first text book for our course of studentship. Familiar, then, with this attitude, seeing life in terms of the inter-relationship of our deepest essences (both between each other and within our individual natures) it would be easy to grasp from the beginning exactly the standpoint of Doctor Jung and to realize his point of consideration.

INHERITANCE

I CONTINUE to paraphrase from our seventy pages, slipping from the analogy of the machine into a discussion of things not quite so easily spoken of : for we are considering human nature and only in the roughest way is it permissible to compare with anything at all mechanistic. Other qualities are involved and further facts have to be recognized. There is the fact of living and (therefore) of development. A machine cannot live and develop. A machine is made up of inorganic substances, and the interplay of a machine is therefore a fixed quantity and might be called a normality even. Behind the words " normal " and " abnormal " is the thought of rigidity, of fixed value, whereas the very central point of any personal development rests, precisely, upon the fact that each individual is capable of a change of values and should in the course of life from childhood to maturity and old age pass through certain stages of emergence. But even this is too sweeping an assertion. Each individual has within himself his own capabilities, and the natural path of living would be the development and the bringing into use of these. The normal is not enough, any more than patriotism is enough : there is a profundity in life and a possibility in humanity that cannot be squeezed into small words.

For man has a double inheritance. Not only does he inherit direct from Nature all that is behind him in the way of physical life, rightly to be used in accordance with his place in the universal " scheme," but he also comes into the highest that has been produced by man himself. The spirit of man is his inheritance also.

The scientists who tell us of our beginnings, of our instincts, of our roots in Mother Earth, give us a small picture and one that is extraordinarily incomplete.

They point to us what man might do should he, as each individual, come into line and obey his own foundations. He could produce a better civilization.

It becomes necessary to look upwards to what some men have already done and to realize the possibilities that are already within us, possibilities that we might be able to reach out to and to bring more universally into living. There have been saints from the beginning of man's history : folks who have lived in deeper insight a little beyond their time, and who have therefore had to die, many of them, because their insight seemed to be an outrage and a danger, their insight that has always been beyond the civilization of their own particular day but that they left behind for us, at some later day, to inherit and to find more safe.

We have more than the ant to look to : we have all the idea and the truth and the divinity that the spirit of man has already been able to apprehend. The fact that this is behind us, has already happened, means that this height (as well as those depths) is within ourselves. We have had our Example, and from the ant to Christ Jesus stretches our inheritance. It is a long Way.

The Double Stream.

The double stream of our inheritance is our eternal problem. Man has no simple path, no direct way : he has always his double nature demanding adjustment and fulfilment, not by denial, I think, but through a conscious acceptance and understanding of himself and all that may be within himself. And here, just because one speaks of conscious acceptance, one has to leave the generalizations of 'man' and 'mankind' and 'humanity' and speak in terms of *each* : each man, each woman, each individual. For consciousness is our only real possession and it is only through consciousness that we know ourselves and that we own ourselves, that we become individuated.

And here I come to deep waters and must quote in

full from Doctor Jung simply because I cannot put into my own words his experienced observations. I have only experienced and observed enough to grasp the essential wisdom of his writings.

(" *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*," p. 58.)

" This inheritance includes not only the instincts from the animal stage, but also those differences of culture which have left behind transmissible memory traces. Thus every child is born with a great split in his make-up ; on the one side a more or less animal-like, unconscious nature, on the other, the last embodiment of an ancient and endlessly complicated inheritance. This split causes the tension found in the infantile psyche, and explains in addition many other riddles of infant psychology—which cannot be said to be poor in such riddles. To be sure, every kindergarten teacher 'understands' child psychology. For me it is one of the most difficult psychological questions.

If now, by means of a reductive procedure, we uncover the infantile pre-stages of an adult psyche, we find as the ultimate foundation the infantile seeds, containing on the one side the later natural sexual creature *in statu nascendi*, and on the other, all those evolved, historical pre-dispositions belonging to culture. This is beautifully mirrored in the dreams of children. Many of these are very simple 'childish' dreams, and are immediately understandable, but others contain almost vertiginous possibilities of content and meaning, only revealing their deeper significance in the light of primitive parallels. This other side is the mind *in nuce*. Childhood is therefore not only important because it is the starting point for possiblecrippings of instinct, but also because this is the time when, terrifying or encouraging, those far-reaching dreams and images come from the soul of the child, which prepare his whole destiny. In childhood, too, those retrospective

intuitions first arise, which extend far beyond the limits of childish experience into the life of the ancestors. Thus in the child's soul there is already a 'natural' as opposed to a spiritual condition."

I break off here to add my own endorsement and experience, and in order to do this I must produce some reminiscences. For these deep things, these mysteries, can only be spoken of at first hand. We do not know about other people: we only know a very little about ourselves and it is from this very little that it is possible to recognize the truth when other folks write down great facts out of their very much.

These dreams of little children (confidentially told to Doctor Jung) how mysterious they are: from our childhood and right onwards we do dream our possibilities: we dream our future way in terms of picture and of colour and of music. Should it be possible to listen with insight to the "romancings" of little children it would be possible to foreshadow the trend of the deepest spiritual possibilities of this young nature so helplessly, so innocently, upon the threshold of so much. I reminisce and I ask a question.

I was brought up without religion. I am doubtful about having ever been christened, but there was at one time a religious feeling in my family because I have inherited a silver christening mug that was presented to my father.

My father and my mother died when I was very young, side by side in bed with each other and within a month of each other, of consumption. I was adopted by the dearest relatives and taken to church on Sunday mornings. I have an early recollection. There arrived on what must have been my third birthday a present from the Vicar. I can see it now, feel the bewilderment and joy with which I received it. It was a Bun. But it was a better Bun than any I had up till then experienced, it was a heavenly kind of a Bun. It was made of cardboard and it

had a little springing-open lid and inside this lid (just large enough for your hand to go inside) were very many tiny pink and white sweeties. And be careful not to spill them on the carpet.

Now the very next Sunday morning a truly horrible thing happened to me in church. I was preached about. The clergyman said about a little girl and a birthday and a present and a kiss—(childish gratitude one supposes). This was the most Awful thing in my whole life. Because of the Policeman. Being by then thoroughly well brought up I had learned that if you made yourself noticeable in any way the Policeman would come for you: and what more awfully noticeable could there be than a clergyman telling a whole churchful about your kisses? I got under the seat. I crawled behind the legs of all the ladies and I stayed in a dark corner unable to budge even under the persuasion of my poor Aunt's poking umbrella. Further than this I do not go, but my Aunt in later years has supplemented the story. I, being thoroughly and incomprehensibly naughty, must be taken home and given a whipping and put to bed. But my Uncle, when we arrived home, had a telegram to show: he said—"Don't whip her to-day, her Mother is dead——" and, because this dates back to the unfeeling state of childhood, I am always dimly grateful to my mother for so opportunely dying.

But I seemed to grow up with an aversion to churches, especially to morning services. All the rest of my religious life seems to be a recollection of how the elastic in your hat hurt the sides of your head about half-way through the Litany. And my career at Sunday School was extremely short. They used to tell you to learn texts. When you had learned a text you were given a darling little picture: when you had earned twelve pictures and knew, therefore, twelve texts, you could exchange your little pictures for a handsome larger one. My Uncle who was a Darwinian and an agnostic took me away from Sunday school. He said it

was a wrong principle to teach religion by means of rewardings.

I never was confirmed. All the girls at my school were confirmed, but my Uncle said that this is a grave step, the entering of a religious life, and that no child could possibly judge or choose rightly and honestly in this matter : that I must wait till I became adult and could make this a matter of conviction. So all my friends had new white dresses and I had none.

I did like church for a short time when I was fifteen and sixteen, and I insisted upon going on Sunday evenings though never on Sunday mornings. It was the Sunday evening smell that I liked so much : the hot-grating-silk-and-satin-wet-fur-candleness of the smell. Also I fell in love with a choir boy and sat and knelt and stood all through the services longing to catch his eye.

Now, to the best of my knowledge I had never been inside a high Anglican church. No really Anglican church would preach at you : and I know enough of my parents to be quite certain that if I had ever been taken to my christening it would be to somewhere quite decently low.

But throughout my childhood I had a recurring dream that was my most satisfied part of living. As I sit and write (so many years later) I can feel and hear and smell this dream.

I would be on a stairway : this stairway being built out from a high wall, and on the side away from the wall was a high closed balustrade higher than my head so that I could neither see through nor over. Not that I wanted to. This stairway came from a bend and from down and down and it went round a bend to up and up. And with plenty of room to move either up or down or sideways I was on the present portion of this stairway. The colour all around was of the warmest golden grey and I have since entirely recognized this colour in the interior of Canterbury Cathedral. There was a high-up roof over the great building that my stairway was a part of.

I can see this roof: it seemed to be all in curves and fans but plainer than the famous piece of roofing in Westminster Abbey. This famous piece of roofing in Westminster Abbey does not at all come up to my roof: my roof was a better roof: not so fancy, somehow.

I knew, far below my stairway, of a vast space and a vast floor. There would be on this floor no chairs at all, and no pews. It was a peaceful plain floor and I have always known that what so belonged to it was the spacious unpeopledness of itself. But, from a far corner, came singing and all around through this great space I experienced a pulsing music: and through it all and permeating I knew of a smelling feeling. The music was in twists and curls and went through everything with just the difference of acuteness that one finds between the senses of hearing and of scenting.

But the singing came from a group in a far corner, a group of men's voices. And the music was a different music from the sounds that usually pass as such.

This was my dreaming: so much a part of myself that I now remember this as the bedrock of my early life whereas my remembrances of actuality stand out as only isolated incidents.

This is my own experience, and now I would ask questions. How was it that when, at about twenty-six, a friend insisting upon taking me to St. Alban's, Holborn, I, hearing plainsong for the first time, experiencing incense for the first time, recognized my music and my atmosphere? Though St. Alban's, Holborn, was in no sense my place: St. Alban's, Holborn, only managed to produce for me my sound and my atmosphere whereas I have to thank Canterbury Cathedral for my colour and my vastness. Though Canterbury Cathedral is a little small compared with my own dwelling place.

What is it in my life, my life of no religious contact whatsoever (unless you would claim that Bun and that kiss as a really religious contact?) that makes me so

avidly interested in all monastic history ? that makes me feel at home and friendly when I read of Leander or Benedict or Thomas Aquinas or Saint Francis, that makes me have a feeling of actual personal communication with hidden singing monks ?

Here is psychology with a vengeance !

But, it goes further than this. It carries over into my life of actuality. I look back over my life, watching it, summing up, as one can watch and sum up anything that spreads out itself in front of us and I can trace a positive line of small chances, small coincidences, that seem to have had an accumulative result in my outer life, my life in actuality. No need to trace these back in all their detail : I only ask the present questions arising out of them.

How did it come about that I, who had never come in contact with these things, should be given that particular number of "*Laudate*" and in it that article by the Abbot of Pershore and feel, in the reading of it, so alive and so happy, so absolutely linked up with all I read that this book that I am writing could be the only possible response ?

How is it that this infant condition of my long past should gradually slip in the course of my few decades into the actual happenings of my day by day life ? How is it that I now live my stairway and so no longer dream it ? How is it that more than my stairway has actually happened, that instead of that hidden group of singing voices I should find myself responsive to the wisdom of one voice, a voice from a like group and just so hidden ?

I read the paragraphs of Doctor Jung and I find my explanations. These things happen, for this thing has happened to myself.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made on. . . ." Well, of course we are. How can we be anything else, seeing that our dreams are a part of our very selves.

Our Deeps and our Consciousness.

I continue to quote from Doctor Jung in order to show his meaning when he writes of the Unconscious.

"*Contributions to Analytical Psychology*," p. 315.

"We realize to-day that the conscious consists only of those ideational complexes that are directly connected with the ego. Those psychic factors that possess only a slight degree of intensity, or those that have had intensity but have lost it again, are under the threshold ; that is, they are subliminal, and belong to the sphere of the unconscious. By virtue of its indefinite extension, the unconscious might be compared to the sea, while the conscious is like an island towering out of its midst. This comparison, however, must not be pushed too far ; for the relation of the conscious to the unconscious is essentially different from the relation of an island to the sea. It is not in any sense a stable relationship, but a ceaseless welling-up, a constant shifting of contact ; for, like the conscious, the unconscious is never at rest, never at a standstill. It lives and works in a state of perpetual interaction with the conscious. Conscious contents that have lost their intensity, in actuality, sink, into the unconscious, and this we call forgetting. Conversely, out of the unconscious there rise new ideas and tendencies which, as they come into consciousness, are known to us as phantasies and impulses. The unconscious is to a certain extent the matrix out of which the conscious flows ; for consciousness does not come into the world as a finished product but is the result of small beginnings."

So that the conscious is that part of us that can confidently say—"I know"—"I am"—not as mere wordy assurances, but as reasonable statements made from knowledge and out of recognized experiences. In the midst of all this interplay, this arriving and discarding, there comes to be a slow building up of a definite and

conscious *self* This is what is called adulthood when speaking in terms of technical psychology, but when we recognize that psychology is merely the study of our psychical development towards the fact of spiritual realization it becomes simpler to call this path *the conscious way* : because in this phrase is the thought of reconciliation, the necessary reconciliation between the study of the mere workings of our very human nature and the knowledge of our further commitments in this direction. In such a phrase as "the conscious way" religion and psychology can, at last, meet, for this term is acceptable to both. And the Way? Doctor Jung says that a rightly integrated psyche should gradually arrive at a condition of what he calls the "transcendental personality." The Abbot of Pershore gives as the gradations of the soul (1) Self. (2) Self and others. (3) Self and God (4) God. And it is precisely at the threshold of the self-and-God that we say goodbye to psychology and begin to slip into the consciousness not only of self but of all that could be included in a consciousness of spirituality. And this is no easy Way.

Again I quote from the Abbot—"Nonetheless, formed individualization and complete individuality are not a gift but an achievement. . . "

The Earth and the Spirit.

Still searching through this same big book I would point out two important chapters :

Mind and the Earth. p. 99.

Spirit and Life. p. 77.

Mind and the Earth, Spirit and Life—here is a flashlight picture of our way. I shall give the quickest possible résumé of certain paragraphs and shall quote as briefly as is possible.

The Eastern philosophical religions, notably the Chinese, have postulated a divided soul, one part of the soul belonging to Heaven, the other to the Earth. Doctor Jung hesitates to endorse this. He remarks that

the Western peoples know nothing of the substance of the mind and therefore must not venture to say "whether within it is something of a heavenly and something of an earthly nature." But, he says, we can and do realize that the mind is a complicated phenomenon and that it does contain two different view points, and that it is certainly necessary to consider both of these aspects. We should not dream of considering a heavenly mind, but we do have to accept a part of the mind as "a causeless creative being": whereas the earthly mind can be understood as something growing out of causes and effects built up by efforts, a system of adaptation formed by the conditions of earthly environment.

This last, the cause-effect-adaptation-earthly-environment idea is one sided and does not in any sense include the full aspect of the mind.

So that here again are opposites and the need of reconciliation. On the one hand a causeless creativeness and on the other a built-up system of causes and effects, with earthly environment as the forming conditions of these causes and effects. Doctor Jung carefully doesn't discuss the formative environment of the causeless creativeness. It is the Abbot of Pershore who can speak (with authority) on this, and his sentences on the supernaturalist that I have quoted in my Chapter One are well worth re-reading and due consideration, for the Abbot seems to give a direct answer to this question that is undiscussed by Doctor Jung.

There is, too, another fact that is worth remembering. The conflict is a stress between unequal opposites and cannot therefore be absolutely resolved into a dead equality. The conflict can only be resolved enough for the extra of one opposite to be released into a further emergence: so that the Way continues.

Mind and the Earth—Spirit and Life, here are the fundamental opposites. Which is the greater of the two, upon which side lies the emergence, becomes purely a matter of personal opinion and of personal conscious

experience. The thing is unteachable because it is a matter of living : of movement, of living, and of gradual quiet development.

The Law of the Spirit.

Doctor Jung mentions that ages ago "someone made the bewildering discovery that the living breath which left the body of a man in the last death rattle, meant more than mere air set in motion."

And so, right through the speech of man, there is for our use those words that stand for what we mean by *spirit*.

But, being a psychologist, Doctor Jung walks, here, warily. He says that he doesn't know what spirit is and he doesn't know what life is : he only knows life in the form of a living body and he only knows spirit by the results of itself : and he sees the interactions of life and spirit and mind as an arrangement of living processes.

He then talks about the ego, pointing out that "consciousness seems to be the indispensable pre-condition of the ego," that without consciousness there could be no true self and that without a self there could be no true consciousness. But, he says, he cannot see the ego as *a* fact, but more as a system of processes and contents whose manifoldness forms a unity and he prefers, because of this manifoldness, to speak of the 'ego-complex.'

He says that the ego-complex is awfully limited : "it has forgotten infinitely more than it knows," he says. He says "it has heard and seen an infinite amount of which it has never become conscious." He says that there are thoughts that develop beyond consciousness, thoughts that are ready and complete to come into consciousness and become a part of the ego—but the ego remains entirely ignorant of this. It doesn't even feel conscious of the nervous system of the body that contains it. The ego comprehends a tiny part of what a complete consciousness would contain within itself.

One turns, automatically, to the gradations of the Abbot of Pershore to note that his "Way" gradually drops out the ego till, in the fourth gradation, there is no mention at all of the self.

And Doctor Jung concludes (on page 83) that the ego can never be more than a partial complex.

He suggests that as the ego can only be a partial complex there may be some higher or enlarged consciousness that would, therefore, include the ego—"Our ego-consciousness might be enclosed within a complete consciousness as a smaller circle within a larger."

"Science has never been able to seize upon the riddle of life, either in organic matter or in the mysterious trains of mental imagery, consequently we are still in search of the 'living being' whose existence we must postulate in a condition beyond experience."

And then he feels safe to make just one assertion, viz.: that just as the 'living being' is a summation of life in the body, so is the 'spirit' a summation of the essence of the mind.

And then (on page 87) he talks a little further. He says that "Natural Science has never discovered a god; the critique of cognition proves the impossibility of knowing god, but the mind steps forward with the assertion of the experience of god. God is a psychic fact of direct experience. If not, there would never have been any talk of god. The fact is valid in itself, independent of any proof and inaccessible to any critique of a non-psychological character. It may be the most immediate and thus the most real experience, which can neither be ridiculed nor disproved. Only people with a poorly developed sense of fact, or of superstitious wrong-headedness could deny this truth."

In spite of the fact that Doctor Jung (being only a psychologist) is speaking of the divine within ourselves and carefully spells god with a small g: one's mind cannot help breaking out into a text: "*God is a Spirit.*" A paragraph of this sort, speaking of spirit and essence

and the experiences of the soul simply make one produce a certain sort of answer !

It is very interesting, too, the way that a disbelief in these facts is quietly summed up as a superstitious wrongheadedness : rather comforting, after having read for so many years that the superstitions are the other way about.

On page 88 is given a definition of spirit : " Spirit, as well as god, means an object of psychic experience that cannot be proved externally, nor understood rationally. If we have once freed ourselves from the prejudice that we must perforce refer a concept either to objects of outer experience, or to *a priori* categories of reason—then we can turn our attention and curiosity freely to that particular, and still unknown entity that we call ' spirit.' "

P. 92.—" Those sayings or ideals that contain the most comprehensive experiences of life, as well as the deepest reflection, make up what we call ' spirit ' in the best sense of the word. If a dominating idea of this nature attains undisputed control, we speak of the life lived under its guidance as ' conditioned by the spirit,' or as a ' spiritual life.' "

P. 98.—" Only a life lived in a certain spirit is worth while. It is a remarkable fact that a life lived entirely from the ego usually affects not only the person himself, but observers also, as being dull. The fullness of life requires more than just an ego ; it demands spirit, that is, an independent, over-ruling complex, which is apparently alone capable of calling into living expression all those mental possibilities that the ego-consciousness cannot reach.

" Life and spirit are two powers or necessities, between which man is placed. Spirit gives meaning to his life, and the possibility of the greatest development. But life is essential to spirit, since its truth is nothing if it cannot live."

THE GRADATION OF TYPE

IT is interesting to note that Jung's "Types" show a sequence of development curiously in accordance with the gradations given by the Abbot. It must not be forgotten that there can be no hard and fast distinctions, for all the four type functions are present in each nature and do have a certain interplay. A man or woman could only be called a type proper when living by means of one function only, and with the others unassimilated and therefore unused and buried in the unconscious. There are many such folks. These commit suicide. Or they go insane.

Even, however, with all the functions in movement and of conscious value there is always to be found one main function. It might be as if there could be a four-cylinder engine but with the cylinders of a slightly unequal proportion so that more power comes through one of these in relation to the others, which would each have a certain proportion, a certain value to the engine. But each cylinder should certainly be in working order and able to take precedence, even, should an occasion arrive when just this particular value is the most applicable.

The main **attitudes** of introversion and extraversion give the rhythm of a life, although a nature should have its own individual focus either towards an inner dwelling of thought and 'being' or an outer adjustment to action, to 'doing'. Though here again there should be a balancing, for there would be something pathological in a life of inner being that could show no resultant design, whilst anyone living by means of action only and with no rhythm of consideration could never escape disaster.

It is easy to see the comprehensiveness of an analysis such as this, for in the varied interplay between these

attitudes and functions is room for every shade of specific difference, the differences that we find between one individual and another. And yet, also, there are the samenesses to be considered when discussing 'types' from a broader basis. People do fall, roughly, into types: folkseven of a like physical make up tend to take life in much the same way and tend, too, to be taken by life in the same way also, tend to have the same kinds of successes and disasters and a like experience of sorrows and of gladnesses.

Which may be laid down as the formative process will always be a matter of discussion: whether the physical make up produces the type or whether something more at the centre of things produces the physical make up becomes a fierce conjecture, and one is reminded of the miserable problem as to which came first, the hen or the egg. I should imagine that Professor Julian Huxley, for instance, would say that it is neither: that these processes cannot be summed up in finite terms at all but are built up processes of so many interactions and from such a vast antiquity that they have their origins in other things entirely and never started off as hens and eggs at all.

For a dim grasp of the varieties and the samenesses in human nature one must read "*Psychological Types*." The beauty of the book is that you finish with your dim grasp of ever so much and, also, a dead certainty that to attempt to say that you now understand human nature is a sheer absurdity and the very height of foolishness: the most that has happened to you is an humble feeling that you will never any more judge any man (or woman) in anything.

Which is, perhaps, an advance within one's own nature?

On page 305 of "*Contributions to Analytical Psychology*" is, however, a very clear statement of the functions when considered as pure forms (much as it is possible to consider the various instincts as pure forms also).

- (1) Sensation : all perception by means of the sense organs.
- (2) Feeling : a function of subjective evaluation.
- (3) Thinking : the function of intellectual cognition and the forming of logical conclusions.
- (4) Intuition : the perception of an unconscious content.

“ As far as my experience goes, these four fundamental functions appear to be sufficient to express and represent the ways and means of conscious orientation. For a complete orientation of consciousness all the functions should co-operate equally ; thinking should make cogitation and the forming of judgements possible ; feeling should say to us how and in what way a thing is important for us : sensation by means of sight, hearing, taste, etc., should enable us to perceive and grip onto concrete reality ; and finally intuition should permit us to divine the more or less hidden possibilities and backgrounds of a situation, since these hidden factors also belong to a complete picture at a given moment. But in reality it is seldom or never that these fundamental functions are uniformly developed and correspondingly disposable by the will. As a rule one or other function is in the foreground, while the rest remain in the background relatively or quite undifferentiated. Thus there are many people who restrict themselves to a simple picture of concrete reality, without reflecting much about it, or taking into account the feeling values involved. They bother themselves little about the possibilities hidden in a situation. Such people I describe as sensation types. Others are exclusively influenced by what they think, and simply cannot adapt themselves to a situation that they cannot comprehend intellectually. I term such people thinking types. Again there are others who are guided wholly by their feelings. They merely ask themselves if something is pleasant or the reverse, and orientate themselves by their feeling impressions. These are the feeling types. Finally, intuitives concern themselves

neither with ideas nor with feeling reactions, nor with the reality of things, but give themselves up wholly to the lure of possibilities, and abandon every situation in which no possibilities are scented.

Each of these types presents a different kind of one-sidedness. . . ."

It is a sad picture, this depicting (by this great Doctor) of the lopsidedness of folks as they are, of the watertight-compartmentness of people. He has written and written of human nature as it might be, but, from his consulting room, he tells us of folks as they are. Striking one note, living in one note, when all the time within each one of us might be at tune, written in our own particular mode, and, also, our own particular tune that might so add to the general music of the world.

He is talking of adults: as they are; not so much as they have become, but rather because of the fact that they have not become: they have not developed all that is their own and which lies, therefore, so helplessly and so dissociated within their natures.

But, taken as a gradation from birth to maturity these functions do make a scale. For your infant lives (and rightly so) in a condition of pure sensation: all reactions are those of sensation and not in the least of feeling: an infant feels very little for it is not even the beginnings of a conscious being. Groddeck has given his picture of the sensation-musings of a tiny baby and it is extraordinarily interesting to appreciate the way in which he has caught the note of it:

. . . " Three times now I've had to lie too long in my dirty napkin, and that's because there were other people with mother. If the Great One is at home, I have to drink in a hurry. If it is dark, I don't get any milk, or at any rate not without a struggle. A ring at the door disturbs my drink, so do other children. When the Great One has been playing with me mother's milk is much nicer. Brothers and sisters are a nui-

sance. Cross-tempered women's voices show that I'm to have my bath and get nasty soap in my eyes. If I cry people will look after me, only if the Great One suddenly starts being angry I shall get smacked. The Great One holds me awkwardly away from him if I honour him with my sprinkle."

Sensation, and the self. Self as the centre (and rightly so, or the child would never survive). Absolutely, an **egocentric** !

Later in childhood comes feeling, but much later, I fancy, than we so sentimentally have imagined. I know a lady who was driven nearly manic because her early life happened to have had an ignorant teaching, and her feelings were played upon in order to mould her character. Feeling was demanded of her long before feelings should have arrived to use, and dangerous things like weeping penitences were forced upon her when she should have been allowed for a few years longer to remain cheerfully and naturally callous : and her love was twisted into an instrument of torture for her. It took years of her adult life before, thank Heaven, she became one of the survivors instead of one of those who have had to succumb to their enchantments.

" *High Wind in Jamaica* " might be read as a useful corrective to the imagination that children feel truly or deeply before the arrival of the correct time for this stage to ripen. We gradually slip into an experience of other people. First these are merely the environment of ourselves and it is not till much later that they can be recognized as equals : equals in suffering, in happiness, and in need. It is when we see need and by the very seeing of it, the feeling of it, begin to give ourselves to the need of others, that we begin, ourselves, to become **altruistic**.

Thinking, too, comes even later, steps into its own at the fringe of adulthood. I have a young wise relative who once discussed himself with me. He said—" You know, Aunt, I feel different from what I used to do. I take

things differently, I've begun to think. Before this, I've been about and done things and done my work, but it has been from an inside feeling : now I can see my work as an outside thing and I can think about it and things are different." And he added—"It began since I had my eighteenth birthday." So I said to him had he ever heard of Plato ? and he thought that he might have heard this name. And I told him that Plato said that the age of reason begins at eighteen : the age of reason and (therefore) the age of choice. My young wise relative pondered for a little while and then he said—"Well, Aunt, I think that Plato was about right. . . ."

So that with the self established and with the feelings in use and with our knowledge of those others that are around us, we slip into thinking. And we think of all sorts of things : of ourselves and our work : and of other people : and maybe we think a little as to God, maybe we become a little **egotheocentric** ?

And so, in adulthood, there comes into use this further function, this function through which we apprehend all the possibilities, all the invisibilities, that can be summed up under the name of "spirit." And then it is, I think, that we leave a little our mere thinking, that we are no longer so swayed by feeling, that we discard (as unwanted) the self, and we turn towards the Highest.

For we can do no other, once that we have visualized this deeper Centre.

The Oppositeness of Type.

There is, too, an oppositeness to be discovered. These functions do not of their own nature happily live together. They have to be reconciled towards each other in order that they may come into use, may be assimilated into the conscious life. It would be so easy if we were all born a blank page with nothing to do but to bring into use our functions and our instincts and our attitudes in exactly their right order and at exactly their right time : and if, being born a blank page, we were also

born into a blank world with no difficulties in the way of Other People as our very complicated environment. It would be easy, one supposes, but very unamusing: horrid to think of a life of absolutely no complications whatsoever: horrid to visualize a path of life with no precipices on the one hand and no high mountains on the other.

We are born with our tendencies and we have our infant dreams all strong within us: it may be (but I don't know) that these deep dreams of infancy are the presage of our strongest tendencies and, therefore, of our leading function? this function that must be reconciled to so very much if it is to come to full fruition in the face of all the odd environment of actuality?

Jung says that it is an absolute necessity that the opposite function should be brought into use; and that it is not till this happens that our main function can come to its full strength. Which is, of course, sensible. Even on a see-saw one needs a companion: you may be a light little girl and only able to cajole a heavy little girl to sit upon the other end, but having a little girl at the other end you do get your results. A carefulness is needed in order to have your full share of the risings and descents; you slide about till you find the exact position where your light weight a little balances the heaviness of the fat little playmate. It would be no fun at all if the heavy little girl sat, stolidly, on the ground at her end (like a complex in the unconscious) and you stayed inertly in the air like a lopsided function: the heavy little girl must be released from her inertness, must come into the game, must balance her activities with your own before your own activities can be of value.

I went to school before the days when we were educated in our play time as well as in the class room: we were turned loose, at intervals, and left to amuse ourselves. Which we did. There was a gravel playground and there was a green dell with a high bank and many large trees and a flat green level lower down. There was a swing

with very long ropes and it had been built at the top of the bank so that when you got going, one side of your journey would be out into space with the sloping bank most far away below you. Marvellous. Also you could get yourself entirely giddy by spinning round and round on your feet at the top of the bank and then falling over and rolling down it: your games could be *sensation* games which are quite different from the ordered games that are now so carefully taught by ladies with certificates.

You could have a grand and difficult game on the long see-saw and precisely here the finest of all sensations could be arrived at. You and your fat friend earnestly and with skill could so handle yourselves upon that see-saw that the both of you could stay for quite an appreciable time poised opposite each other in the air. No up and down at all but just a thrilling poising which (with terrific intentness for the slightest need of pressure) you could experience and enjoy for even so long as a half minute.

And so, in your sensation games, you unwittingly touched the fringes of great mysteries. You experienced in your sensation games of childhood the simple facts of deep existence: and you had, therefore, a foundation to your intuition when it came across you in later years to try to apprehend philosophies: you could read, for instance, pages 412-515 of "*Psychological Types*" and find that here and there could be found an understandable paragraph. For, to understand these pages, one needs a bed-rock of experience.

First of all comes the oppositeness of the rational and the irrational: i.e., those functions that deal with actuality, with outer fact, and those functions whose focus is upon the more invisible.

Thinking and feeling belong to the rational: sensation and intuition to the irrational.

Feeling and thinking are opposed to each other: sensation and intuition are opposed. It is absolutely necessary that a nature should recognize, should bring

into use, the opposite function, not as an equal to the leading function but as a complementary to it. Your folks who live by feeling have simply got to *think*: your intellectualists must learn to *love*: your present-moment-sensationalists have a future to be considered: your intuitives (gazing so mysteriously at intangibilities) must link themselves to present details, must learn, as it were, to take their umbrellas with them on a rainy day. For if this is not done there will be trouble. The fat little girl, the buried complex is, unfortunately, not inert but is able to throw up all sorts of lopsidedness: can become, in fact, a **neurosis**.

Your intellectualist who has never developed into feeling will feel just the same, but in an unconscious and (therefore) a more primitive fashion: he may fall in love with impossible unsuitabilities and, taking action, may land himself in actual complications that are a danger to his life of scholarship.

Your intuitive, cut off from contact by the exclusive attitude of his inner perceptions, may have such an impulsion towards warmth, comfort, forgetfulness, sensation, that, finding these from the level of the unconscious, he will become a drug addict and, in actuality, remain just as unrelated.

And so it goes on, the inescapable conclusions of the logical result.

Instinctively one exclaims—"Yes, but what can one do? how is it possible to bring into use a buried function? to make one's life balanced instead of lopsided?"

The simplest thing to answer would be to say that no life ought ever to be allowed to grow up lopsided in the first instance, that children should be understood well enough to be allowed to complement their own natures: that instead of taking a child with a strong intellectual function and forcing that child into a whole young life of examinations (in order to excel the thinking child should be given, deliberately, the leisure and the freedom to find the amusements, the hobbies, that would keep it safe from

specialization. A child does this: I know at this moment a little girl, daily at school, who is making herself the complete torment of all the folks at home. She wants a pet hen. And her mother is enough of a Jungian to see that she gets it: and, having procured this hen, this little school girl will learn most wonderful things about life and have the extraordinary joy of little new laid eggs to give as presents. She will also learn the value of pocket money; you no longer have to buy a present for your grandmother's birthday but you do have to buy a little grain for the feeding of your hen and the ultimate production of the gift for your grandmother.

I know a gentleman, middle aged and with the head of a philosopher, who is living the rest of his life, incurable, in an asylum. His Mother was the most wonderful old lady whom I have ever known, and she used to talk to me, and one day she told me of the extraordinary breakings out of this poor gentleman during his youth. He was to win scholarships, for he had the intellectual ability: he needed to win scholarships in order to gain for himself the beginnings of his future career. But at fifteen or sixteen (I think it was) he suddenly insisted upon having heaps of hens. When given permission he procured about thirty-five chickens who all arrived in crates from Leadenhall Market and found no houses ready for them in the delightful flower garden that the family had grown. I am not certain if this lad managed to last out and gain his scholarships but I do know that a final breakdown put a complete finish to his career and all that could be done was to emigrate to a Dominion and begin to farm. Only, not being of a business disposition or of a practical nature the subsequent troubles and disasters of his life carried him into his present solution.

One wonders if this child at seven or eight or so had had an insistent desire for one pet hen? and if the knowledge thus gained and the happiness thus experienced would have helped his instabilities?

How shall we balance ourselves, those of us who have been allowed (or perhaps forced) to grow up lopsidedly and who for some reason of strength, or hope, or what not, have just managed to keep ourselves out of the lunatic asylums or from committing suicide?

It is a big question and there are as many answers as there are different kinds of people: there is, I suppose, a separate answer for each separate individual.

Doctor Jung gives his answer though I only quote on the broadest lines: I would discuss some of his answer for it is extraordinarily original when considered as psychology, though not quite so new when one turns to an older study that has for countless centuries concerned itself with the souls of men.

Doctor Jung considers that breakdowns, disasters, overwhelming sorrows, climaxes of every kind, are *purposeful* in a life: that it is by means of these upheavals that there does arrive the chance of a further orientation, and he speaks of what he calls 're-birth.'

He considers that a life lived lopsidedly is bound to crash into disaster, and that this disaster which seems so final and so terribly conclusive has within itself the germ of a new adjustment, brings with itself all the possibilities of emergence into conscious life of the so buried secondary function: that the breakdown or the climax is the arrival of the buried function, insisting upon birth, and upon the coming into a later conscious usage.

He asks us therefore to accept our disasters and to watch and see the wisdom that is underlying. He tells us to allow life to come to us no matter in how terrifying a disguise and to believe that here, hidden, is at last our so needed solution. And he says that out of our breakdowns and the consequent re-shifting of our circumstances there does form a later actuality, a later actuality that is eminently fitted to contain our later lives that shall be lived as integrated and so no longer jangled.

I quote from a much later book—"The Secret of the Golden Flower."

He points out that just as within each one of us is to be discovered the rational and the irrational, so in life itself are these two streams of happenings, and that the irrationality of 'chance' must be recognized and room allowed for it: that there is a hidden activity outside ourselves as well as the hidden activity within us and that those two do astonishingly correspond if only they are allowed the chance of doing so, if only we will give Chance a chance. Indeed he goes even mysteriously further and hints that 'Fate' can be preparing a future eventuality for us to step into and use as we ourselves become ready to receive it. We who are not over-learned frequently speak of these things: we speak of "God's good time," we have many a simple phrase that hints at these profundities

I quote direct from page 89. "When I examined the way of development of those persons who, quietly, and as if unconsciously, grew beyond themselves, I saw that their fates had something in common. Whether arising from without or from within, the new thing came to all those persons from a dark field of possibilities, they accepted it and developed further by means of it. It seemed to me typical that, in some cases, the new thing was found outside themselves, and in others within; or rather, that it grew into some persons from without, and into others from within. But it was never something that came exclusively either from within or from without. If it came from outside the individual, it became an inner experience; if it came from within, it was changed into an outer event. But in no case was it conjured into existence through purpose or through conscious willing, but rather seemed to flow out of the stream of time."

P. 90 — "I have been deeply impressed that the new thing prepared by fate seldom or never corresponds to conscious expectation. It is a still more remarkable fact that, though the new thing contradicts deeply rooted instincts as we know them, yet it is a singularly appropriate expression of the total personality, an

expression which one could not imagine in a more complete form.

What then did these people in order to achieve the progress that freed them? As far as I could see they did nothing but let things happen. . . . The art of letting things happen, action in non-action, letting go of oneself . . . became a key to me with which I was able to open the door to the 'Way.' The key is this: we must be able to let things happen in the psyche. For us, this becomes a real art of which very few people know anything. Consciousness is forever interfering, helping, correcting, and negating, and never leaving the simple growth of the psychic processes in peace. It would be a simple enough thing to do if only simplicity were not the most difficult of all things."

MEN AND WOMEN

It seems necessary when speaking of opposites to mention men and women, but I don't intend to embark upon the usual five hundred pages. I am far too busy being a woman to be able to take up much of my time in talking about it. Also, I like men, I could not do without them. I like the way in which a man will say something apparently quite stupid and you feel quite suddenly all cheerfully eased up. I like the way in which, when you are struggling with your inabilities, a man will quietly produce a piece of information that sets you free to go on thinking. I like the comfort of men : and I like the differences between men and women for they are differences that seem to fit each other.

Doctor Adler says that we inhabit two sexes : which seems to make the differences a little lessened. Doctor Jung says that two sexes inhabit us, that the really great importance is that within every man is something of the feminine and that within each woman is a manliness : a manly femininity in every man, and a womanly manliness in every woman.

Which are quite different from a feminine femininity or a manly manliness and must never be taken for the same thing. Only, until you find your right balance within yourself of your own two sexes, you aren't very likely to find a right balance between your own two sexes and the two sexes of anyone of the opposite sex. Except, of course, that ever so many people do : do find this balance, I mean, and without the least suspicion of anything so complicated. And I think that this may be because they dearly and truly love each other and therefore find each other sweetly amusing.

And amongst these who dearly and truly love each other and who find in each other this sweet amusement,

the law is carried out. Through many a conflict, many a stress, a unity of differences is at last most quietly come to.

Which is the greater of these opposites (in order to give the emergences) will always be a matter of opinion. But I have noted the humbleness of lovers and I have found that each lover is always and eternally convinced that the other is the greater. What does it matter, the actual measurements, when the emergence that comes of this oppositeness, this stress, is a little child? for there is equality of sharing during this littleness and an equal giving of freedom to this child as it gradually takes its own way, emerging into consciousness.

I was carefully brought up to distrust all men. I was taught that all men suffer from a mysterious wickedness and are Dangerous, that one must always distrust all men while at the same time realizing that the men of one's own relationships are absolutely and entirely infallible. I was carefully taught that on no account is it safe to make any friendship with any man at all outside the shelter of one's childhood's home.

There have been queer twists in my life that from time to time have absolutely reversed my life and I became thrown out amongst men to work for them and to make friends with them. And I have found out that men are good and kindly and simple and reliable. I knocked about amongst men for three years and I was mostly alone, for this was in France and on the Rhine, and I was a travelling Lena. Not with a concert party, but mostly by myself. And because I was alone and small to transport and easier to billet than five large people with cellos and the like, I went to wayside places and I made my own arrangements. I have been alone amongst men, amongst hundreds of men, talking with them, playing with them, making friends with them, amusing them, and in all that three years I cannot find one gleam of wickedness and, except for one small incident, one hint of danger.

So, considering carefully, I have my never forgotten

experiences of the goodness and the kindness and the simpleness of men. And I have come to the conclusion that the carnal is a bit overrated. That it is, maybe, the way you look at it: that it is an attitude of mind far more than an insistence of the body.

SIN AND THE LAW.

We had walked from Remounts, my musician and myself, and we were waiting at the Gravelle Halt for our late tram back into Havre. And there came out into the light of the high standard an Australian who stood still, a little swaying.

I saw, also, two things that were in the shadows: a Frenchwoman walking quietly in a still fashion, and a Cherry Bob. It seemed an ugly situation for our Australian. Should I allow him to go with the Frenchwoman, and be accosted, perhaps, by the Cherry Bob and perhaps be landed in a military prison? (for the Australians were always a little easy with their fists).

I walked to him and held out my hand: I said—"Hullo, digger, put it there" So he did, and holding my hand and swaying a little he looked down at myself and said—"I'm lost——"

And all the expression of his face was wiped away leaving only the bewilderment of a tiny child.

So we waited, and presently there came along the last tram for the Valley: packed, bristling with them—singing, clinging on, sitting on the roof. I walked to the tram with my Australian and they laughed and shouted at their joke. Triangles being invisible in the dark they saw him as bringing back to camp his Lady Friend.

I said—"Boys, he's drunk: red caps round the corner: make room for him." They became silent, they pushed themselves, they squeezed themselves, they made room for him, they held out their hands. They took him safely from me and went on up to the Valley, singing.

The Understanding of Human Nature.

One may not believe in sin: one may discard the abnormal as a study but one has to realize that an adequate answer, an adequate explanation, must be produced as an understanding of all the pathetic weaknesses that can be seen on every side, the weaknesses and the false values.

I turn (again) to Doctor Jung and quote extracts from his "*Two Essays on Analytical Psychology*."

P. 3.—"The man therefore who would learn the human mind will gain almost nothing from experimental psychology. Far better for him to put away his academic gown, to say good-bye to the study, and to wander with human heart through the world. There in the horrors of the prison, the asylum and the hospital, in the drinking-shops, brothels and gambling halls, in the salons of the elegant, in the exchanges, socialist meetings, churches, religious revivals and sectarian ecstasies, through love and hate, through the experiences of passion in every form in his own body, he would reap richer stores of knowledge than text books a foot thick could give him.

Then would he know how to doctor the sick with real knowledge of the human soul. But he may be pardoned if his respect for the 'corner stones' of experimental psychology is no longer excessive. For between what science calls psychology and what the practical daily needs of daily life demand from 'psychology' 'there is a great gulf fixed.' "

P. 9.—"The further our experience goes, the clearer does it become that in all cases that have been analysed up to the present, there co-exists a special kind of disturbance which can only be described as a disturbance in the province of love. And, admittedly, love is something infinitely inclusive, extending from heaven to hell, and uniting within itself good and evil, high and low."

P. 14.—"The fact remains that love, its problems and

its conflicts, is of fundamental significance for human life, and, as careful enquiry consistently shows, is of far greater importance than the individual suspects. 'Love' is here used in the wider meaning which belongs to the word by right, a meaning including more than sexuality. The disturbances due to love may be of a secondary nature and conditioned through more deeply lying causes. There are other possible ways of becoming neurotic."

P. 15.—"For I would point out at once that the conflict inducing illness, though certainly a personal affair, is also a conflict of humanity that becomes manifest in the individual. The absence of unity within himself is in general the hall-mark of civilized man. The neurotic is only a special case of civilized man at war with himself."

P. 16.—"It is the way of moralists to put little trust in God, as if they thought the fair trees of humanity flourished only by virtue of being propped up and trained on a trellis—whereas Father Sun and Mother Earth have allowed it to grow for their delight in accordance with laws of the deepest wisdom."

P. 18.—"Man possesses in his unconscious a fine flair for the spirit of his time; he recognizes its possibilities and feels within himself the insecure foundations of present day morality, no longer supported by living religious conviction. It is from this fact that is begotten the greater proportion of the ethical conflicts of our time. And because they want and yet cannot think out what it is they really want, their conflict is largely unconscious, and thence the neurosis."

They want God, is what he means and so carefully doesn't say (being a psychologist). They want Love and Unity and God, and because the world has lost its vision of these things the world is sick, and in a sick world, on all sides can be found sickened individuals: sickened because of an inability to look up and see the Highest.

Doctor Jung means that 'sin' and 'abnormalities' are conflicts in the unconscious because the soul is unable to reach out to the highest of which it is capable. And that Love is the greatest capacity of the soul and that Love needs to be free and to be used. That a right sexuality is included but that this is not everything : and that with intelligent understanding of the conflict the conflict ceases, for a nature will, of itself, choose the highest. And that ready made moral values and embargoes do not any longer satisfy the souls of to-day. Civilization is not enough. The souls of to-day and our present world have sickened for the need of a real value and a deeper truth and a more conscious understanding of Mother Earth and Father Sun, and of God.

ORDER AND RHYTHM

LOVE and Control : Rhythm and Order : Eternity and Time, here are great opposites.

We are here in this world with our work to do (in order to support these bodies) and we live by time and yet we inhabit eternity, we are a part of eternity, for we are contained within her. How shall we live our lives in harmony with each of these ?

The rhythm of life brings us into life and it is here that we are loved and so, we learn to love. When we are young and little people work for us (whilst we play) and through our play we learn, ourselves, to work and through our work we find control and with control we use our rhythm and finding our ordered rhythm, we truly love.

And so we come to a first fruition and an experience of the promise of God : and so, as on a far horizon, we have an intuition of eternity.

Our intuition lives within us but we ourselves must live in time, yet intuition has no knowledge of time : how, then, shall we reconcile these two ?

We have our intelligence, our conscious thinking. We can sit quietly down and we can recognize our intuition, we can look back and review, we can see the underlying purpose, and seeing the underlying purpose we can a little look forward : we can sit still. We can see time, time as it comes to us with its passing moments, we can take these moments as they come to us and with intelligence and with intuition we can act in each moment : and intelligence is knowledge, is logic, is control.

But intuition is a forward thinking and has no knowledge of time, yet we live in time, in the moments as they come to us, in the moments which, continually coming, make for us that which we call *the present*.

Always for us who are intuitive is this strict rule to

remember and to act upon :—We live in the present. The future may be remembered as coming but we must stay quietly and let it come : we may look up and see it afar off but we may only know that it is there, coming : and sit quietly, and do nothing, and allow it to come into the present at its own good time. For it is only as it comes into the present that it becomes real. For the present is reality. But there is always something that may be prepared : a watching readiness.

For what we have looked towards is that which might be possible, and that is all it is, just that, and nothing more. And if we see so strongly that this simple image becomes to us a reality, it is then that we leave reality and begin to live in phantasy : the only reality is the present and it is with this, and this only, that we have to deal.

And this is difficult for us who are intuitive, for it means an austerity that is the very essence of control. To see the image, to know of its coming, to turn away one's eyes, this is austerity.

For to those who are enamoured of a phantasy the present is without reality. They do not see it, they do not deal with it, and always it passes by and goes into the past unrecognized and unused.

But those who can recognize and remain austere are those who are in readiness : and when a seen possibility arriving into the present becomes reality, these can deal with it in full knowledge and send it into the past, accomplished.

QUIETNESS

AND now I must quote from the Abbot for again I am not competent. I know the significance of the further stages, the fact that there is a law compelling us to take this Way, but I do not have experience enough, and without enough experience I should be uncertain in my writing: I might sentimentalize. And so, as I quoted in full in Chapter One, I quote again :

From "*Laudate*," December 1932.

" Quietism and quietudes are part of the principle of individualism, though, in a sense, they invert the process. Individuation means the determination and contraction of a general nature to an individual mode of existence, the development of the individual from the general. And quietude is essential to Being. It is the fusing-point of Being, in accordance with the well-known truth, " Be still, and know that I am God." It is also the master-key to understanding and the medium of God's eloquences.

. . . Introversion . . . is the turning inwards, from the circumference to the centre, in order to hold converse, not with oneself, but with the word, the spirit, the indwelling Christ, call it what we will, speaking in the deep places of the soul, purging it from its stains and unreality and guiding it into paths of wisdom, peace and love.

. . . 'visioning,' contemplation, mysticism, solitude, are the redemption of sociality. The ' initiate ' must go down alone into the grave if he is to find the superior energy of the divine *rapprochement* whereby the inner core of social environment is to be transformed. The scholar, the thinker, toiling alone in his study or laboratory, makes civilization. The ' dreamer's ' spirit takes its

solitary leap to God—and, lo ! that leap ‘peoples earth and Heaven.’ And woe to him who is too unsocial and too cowardly to go out alone into the darkness to meet the ‘Absolute.’

. . . It may be said at once that we cannot draw a hard and fast line between a subjectiveness an introverted soul and one moving by due gradations towards Illumination and Contemplation . . . or hovering between the Night of the Senses and the Night of the Spirit, or moving or ‘static’ in that borderland between sense and spirit, which, just because it is Satan’s ‘happy hunting-ground’ is also God’s opportunity.

. . . In turning from Contemplation (generally and as essential to the order of Being) to the contemplation of Complete and perfect Being . . . to God as *He is in Himself*, and to His Attributes—it will be clear that such contemplation and adoration have a purgative, selfless, denationalizing, generalizing, and universalizing effect on the soul. . . .

. . . without this ‘visualizing’ and adoring of the ‘Absolute’ God as He is in Himself, ‘before the world was’ and apart from anything He does for us, there can be no quietudes of the soul.”

“Quietudes of the soul”—what a lovely phrase this is! and I know, a very little, what the Abbot means for once or twice I have felt, I have experienced. And in order to tell of these experiences I must speak in simple English and say that I know that I have a soul. I can feel it. I know when it has been in idleness and I know when it has moved. I do not mean ego, I mean soul. And I do not explain because, thank Heaven, this word is left an intact word and needs no explanations; partly I fancy because it is unexplainable in intellectual terms and partly, also, because we know what it means. So many people throughout long ages have used this word and in exactly the same contexts that by these contexts we

know the implications of this word. And we know, because of our own matching experiences, when our Bible and our William Shakespeare and our many poets are speaking truly.

We need no scientific jargon here, for our Chaucer and our Shakespeare and our Bible have kept us safe from jargoning.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates : even lift them up, ye everlasting doors : and the King of glory shall come in."

We experience and we know and we recognize the experiences of others when we read the speech of those who could clothe these things in language.

But the soul is not everything : the soul is only that by means of which we experience, we find, we touch this Other. I know my soul and it is mine and I can give it or withhold it (now that I know it). I can turn away or I can open it. It is mine. But higher than my soul and underneath it is something else. An Otherness. This I have experienced. And my soul is concerned with this that I have experienced.

Here, in this Otherness, is the cool clarity of the star-shine far above the tree tops on a frosty night. My soul reaches to this, feels a tranquillity in the very act of reaching, feels, therefore, at home.

And in this reaching out is passed for a very little while this other barrier. But because I do not stay there I have no words to explain with : I only know that my present words are inadequate.

Only, I would quote two pieces :

" . . . worn with wisdom, he
Steadfast and cold shall choose the dark night's
Inhospitality."

It is not like this at all. It is anything but inhospitable : here, rather, is a welcome and a resting that makes all else seem barren. It is an unpeopled welcome and it is a resting that is poised.

And, for another picture :

“ Ay, but to die, and go we know not where :
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot ;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice ;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world ; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling.”

It is not like this. It is not restless, not violent, not lost nor frightening. There is nothing that lawless and incertain thoughts could by any possibility imagine. It is a cool clarity of peace and it is a darkly shining radiance and not a nothingness. Rather, a Somethingness that is the great difference from all that we at present know. It is a Somethingness that once you have experienced you are always and consciously ready for. Happily ready, I mean : so happily ready that you do not take the trouble to long for or look forward to.

For the knowledge of it makes Actuality so amusing and such fun. Our play and our work, the past and the present and the future, birth and death, all so orderly and so small : you love them so tenderly for their smallness and their orderliness.

But this Otherness, it is beyond your mere soul, outside it. And your soul reaches out, turns towards this Otherness.